

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII.

AUGUST, 1901.

NO. 10.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

EIGHTH ARTICLE: THE WILD-BEAST TAMER.

THE SECRET OF A LION-TAMER'S POWER—SURGICAL OPERATION ON A SICK LION—WHEN “BRUTUS” ATTACKED A TAMER OUT OF CHIVALRY FOR “SPITFIRE”—BONAVITA'S FIGHT WITH SEVEN LIONS ON THE BRIDGE—BOSTOCK'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE TIGER “RAJAH”—WHAT HAPPENED WHEN “RAJAH” FELL OFF AN ELEPHANT'S BACK—EXCITING CAPTURE OF A LIONESS BY NIGHT.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

THE wild-beast tamer as generally pictured is a mysterious person who stalks about sternly in high boots and possesses a remarkable power of the eye that makes lions and tigers quail at his look and shrink away. He rules by fear, and the crack of his whip is supposed to bring memories of torturing points and red-hot irons.

Such is the story-book lion-tamer, and I may as well say at once that outside of story-books he has small existence. There is scarcely any truth in this theory of hate for hate and conquest by fear. It is no more fear that makes a lion walk on a ball than it is fear that makes a horse pull a wagon. It is habit. The lion is perfectly *willing* to walk on the ball, and he has reached that mind, not by cruel treatment, but by force of his trainer's patience and kindness and superior intelligence.

Of course a wild-beast tamer should have a quick eye and a delicate sense of hearing, so

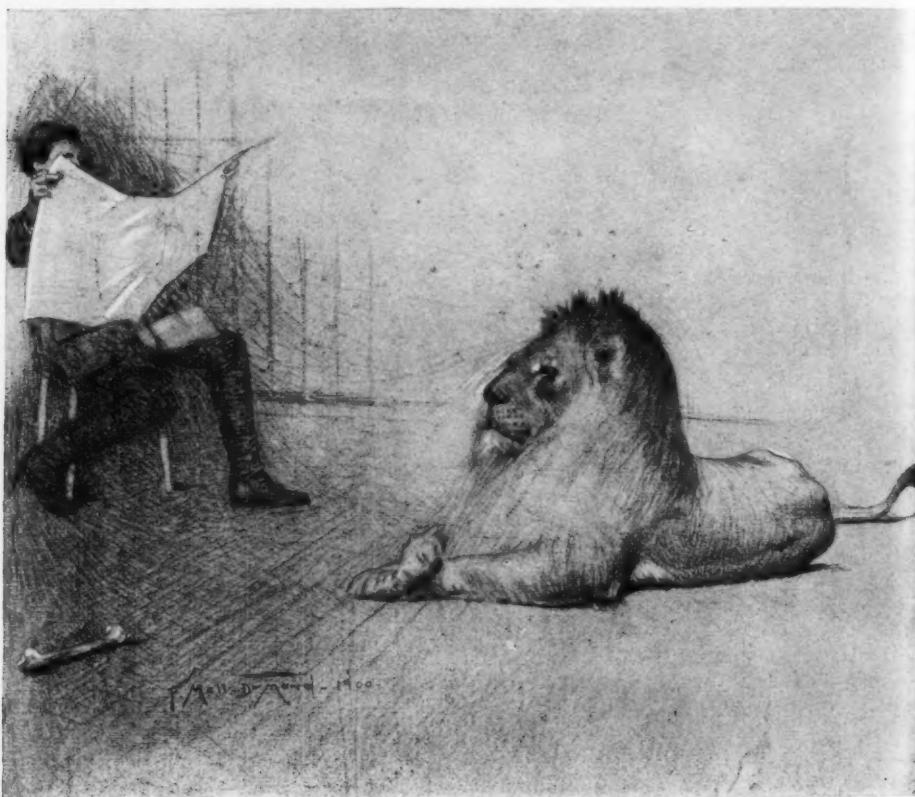
that he may be warned of a sudden spring at him or a rush from behind; and it is important that he be a sober man, for alcohol breaks the nerve or gives a false courage worse than folly: but the quality on which he must chiefly rely and which alone can make him a *great* tamer—not a second-rate bungler—is a genuine fondness for his animals. This does not mean that the animals will necessarily be fond of the tamer; some will be fond of him, some will be indifferent to him, some will fear and hate him. Nor will the tamer's fondness protect him from fang and claw. We shall see that there is danger always, accident often, but without the fondness there would be greater danger and more frequent accident. A fondness for lions and tigers gives sympathy for them, sympathy gives understanding of them, and understanding gives mastery of them, or as much mastery as is possible. What but this fondness would

Copyright, 1901, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

keep a tamer constantly with his animals, not only in the public show (the easiest part), but in the dens, in the treacherous runway, in the strange night hours, in the early morning

And each time, as he goes away, he is careful to toss in a piece of meat as a pleasant memento of his visit.

Later he ventures inside the bars, carrying



THE TAMER'S TRIUMPH. READING HIS NEWSPAPER IN THE LION'S CAGE.

romp, when no one is looking, when there is no reason for being with them except the tamer's own joy in it?

I do not purpose now to present in detail the methods of taming wild beasts; rather what happens after they are tamed: but I may say that a lion-tamer always begins by spending weeks or months in gaining a new animal's confidence.

Day after day he will stand for a long time outside the cage, merely looking at the lion, talking to him, impressing upon the beast a general familiarity with his voice and person.

some simple weapon — a whip, a rod, perhaps a broom, which is more formidable than might be supposed, through the jab of its sharp bristles. One tamer used a common chair with much success against unbroken lions. If the creature came at him, there were the four legs in his face; and soon the chair came to represent boundless power to that ignorant lion. He feared it and hated it, as was seen on one occasion when the tamer left it in the cage and the lion promptly tore it into splinters.

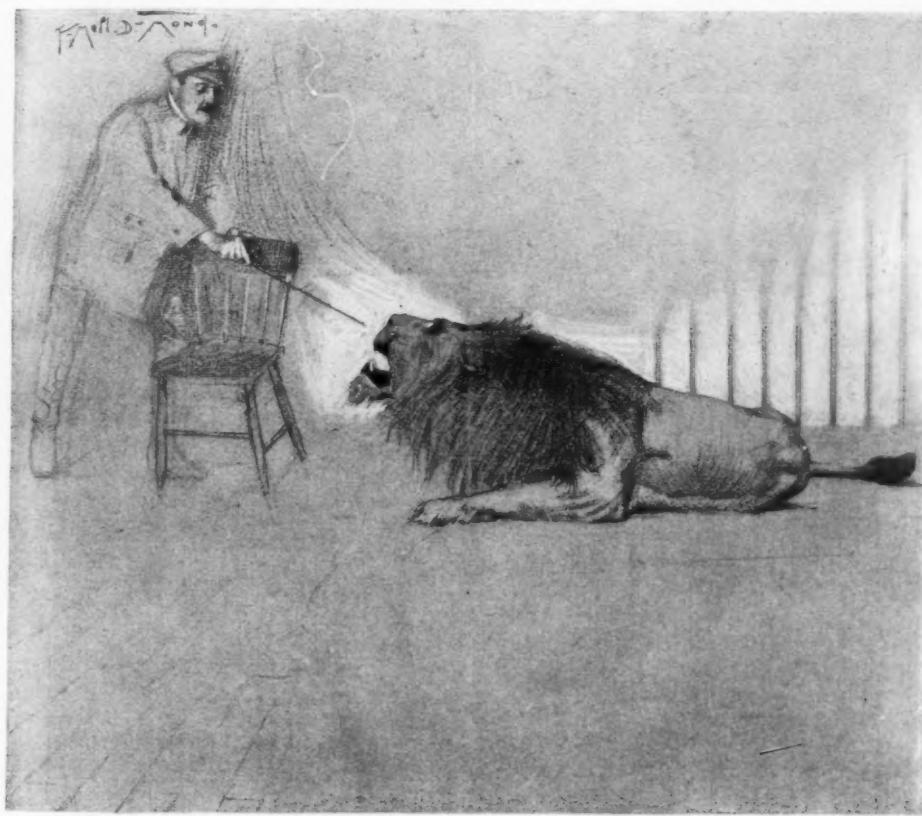
Days may pass before the lion will let his tamer do more than merely stay inside the cage

at a distance. Very well; the tamer stays there. He waits hour after hour, week after week, until a time comes when the lion will let him move nearer, will permit the touch of his hand, will come forward for a piece of meat, and at last treat him like a friend, so that finally he may sit there quite at ease, and even read his newspaper, as one man did.

Lastly begins the practice of tricks: the lion must spring to a pedestal and be fed; he must jump from one pedestal to another and be fed, must keep a certain pose and be fed. A bit of meat is always the final argument, and the

no use in carrying a revolver. If you shoot a lion or injure him with any weapon, it is your loss, for you must buy another lion, and the chances are that he will kill you anyway, if he starts to do it. The thing is to keep him from starting."

An instance of the affection felt for wild beasts by their tamers is offered in the case of Madame Bianca, the French tamer, who in the winter of 1900 was with the Bostock Wild Animal Show giving daily exhibitions in Baltimore, where her skill and daring with lions and tigers earned wide admiration. It will be remem-



BEGINNING THE TRAINING.

tamer wins (if he wins at all, for sometimes he fails) by patience and kindness.

"There is no use getting angry with a lion," said a well known tamer to me, "and there is

bered how fire descended suddenly on this menagerie one night and destroyed the animals amid fearful scenes. And in the morning Bianca stood among the ruins and looked upon

the charred bodies of her pets. Had she lost her dearest friends, she could scarcely have shown deeper grief. She was in despair, and declared that she would never tame another

This recalls a story that Mr. Bostock told me, showing how Bianca's fondness for her lions persisted even in the face of fierce attack. It was in Kansas City, and for some days Spit-



COMING TO CLOSE QUARTERS.

group; she would leave the show business. And when the menagerie was stocked afresh with lions and tigers Bianca would not go near their cages. These were lions indeed, but not *her* lions, and she shook her head and mourned for "Bowzer," the handsomest lioness in captivity, and "Spitfire," and "Juliette," and the black-maned "Brutus." Nor could money tempt her. And the outcome was that this most successful woman lion-tamer in the world retired to private life—gave up her career simply because of her grief for these dead animals.

fire had been working badly, so that on this particular afternoon Bianca had spent two hours in the big exhibition cage trying to get the lioness into good form. But Spitfire remained sullen and refused to do one perfectly easy thing, a jump over a pedestal.

"Ask Mr. Bostock to please come here," called Bianca finally, quite at her wits' end, with the performance hour approaching and hers the chief act. To go on with Spitfire in rebellion would never do, for the spirit of mischief spreads among lions and tigers as among

with
own
it of

children. Spitfire *must* be forced to jump over that pedestal.

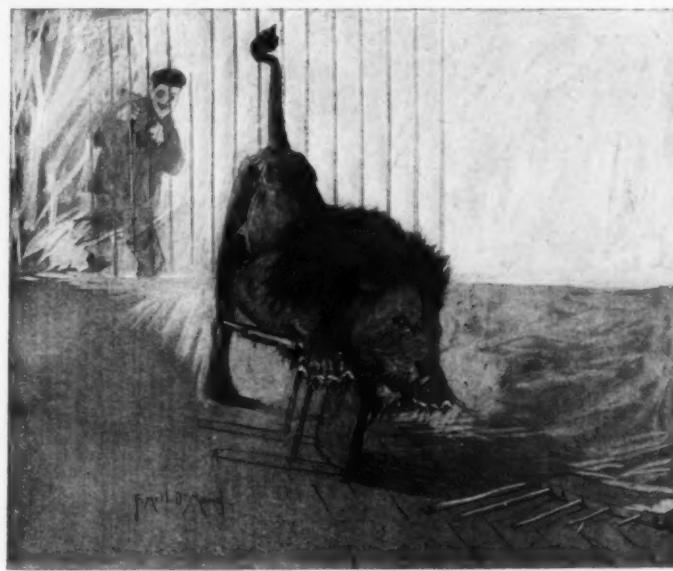
Mr. Bostock arrived presently, and at once entered the cage, carrying two whips, as is the custom. There is something in this man that impresses animals and tamers alike. It is not only that he is big and strong, and loves his animals, and does not fear them; that would scarcely account for his extraordinary prestige, which is his rather because he *knows* lions and tigers as can only a man who has literally spent his life with them. From father and grandfather he has inherited precious and unusual lore of the cages. He was born in a menagerie, he married the daughter of a menagerie owner, he sleeps always within a few feet of the dens, he eats with roars of lions in his ears. And his principle is, and always has been, that he will enter *any* cage at *any* time if a real need calls him—which has led to many a situation like that created by Spitfire's disobedience.

It should be borne in mind that there were many groups in the menagerie at this time, each

without his putting foot inside this or that particular cage. And in the present case he was practically a stranger to the four lions and the tiger now ranged around on their pedestals in a semicircle thirty feet in diameter, with big Brutus in the middle and the snarling Spitfire at one end.

"Well," said Mr. Bostock, explaining what happened, "I saw that Bianca had made a mistake in handling Spitfire from too great a distance. She had stood about seven feet away, so I stepped three feet closer and lifted one of my whips. There were just two things that Spitfire could do: she could spring at me and have trouble, or she could jump over the pedestal and have no trouble. She growled a little, looked at me, and then she jumped over that pedestal like a lady."

"The rest was easy. I put her through some other tricks, circled her around the cage a couple of times, and brought her back to her corner. Then, as she crouched there and snarled at me, I played a tattoo with my whip-



THE LION DESTROYS THE CHAIR.

with its regular tamer; and while Bostock, as owner and director, watched over all of them, it often happened that months would pass

handle on the floor just in front of her. It was just a sort of flourish to finish off with, and it was one thing too much; for in doing this I

turned quite away from the rest of the group and made Brutus think that I meant to hurt the libness. He said to himself: 'Hullo! me over to Bianca, as if to prove his gallantry. Then the Frenchwoman did a clever thing; she clasped her arms around his big neck, drew



BIANCA RESCUES BOSTOCK FROM "BRUTUS."

Here 's a stranger in our cage taking a whip to Spitfire. I 'll just settle him.' And before I could move he sprang twenty feet off his pedestal, set his fangs in my thigh, and dragged

his head up, and fired her revolver close to his ear. Of course she fired only a blank cartridge, but it brought Brutus to obedience, for that was Bianca's regular signal in the act for

the lions to take their pedestals; and the habit of his work was so strong in the old fellow that he dropped me and jumped back to his place.

"There was n't any more to it except that I lay five weeks in bed with my wounds. But this will show you how Bianca loved those lions: she would n't let me lift a hand to punish Brutus. Of course I called for irons as soon as I got up, and, wounded or not, I would have taught Mr. Brutus a few things before I left that cage if I could have had my way. But Bianca pleaded for him so hard—why, she actually cried—that I had n't the heart to go against her. She said it was partly my own fault for turning my back,—which was true,—and that Brutus was a good lion and had only tried to defend his mate, and a lot more, with tears and teasing, until I let him off, although I knew I could never enter Brutus's cage again after leaving it without showing myself master. That 's always the way with lions: if you once lose the upper hand you can never get it back."

In the course of a week at Buffalo, devoted to the study of Mr. Bostock and his menagerie, I observed many little instances of the tamer's affection for his animals. I could see it in the constant fondling of the big cats by Bostock himself, and by Bonavita, his chief tamer, and even by the cage grooms. And no matter how great the crush of Exposition business, there was always time for visiting a sick lioness out in the stable, who would never be better, poor thing, but should have all possible comforts for her last days. And late one afternoon I stood by while Bonavita led a powerful, yellow-maned lion into the arena cage and held him, as a mother might hold a suffering child, while the doctor, reaching cautiously through the bars, cut away a growth from the creature's left eye. It is true they used a local anesthetic; but even so, it hurt the lion, and Bonavita's position as he knelt and stroked the big head and spoke soothing words seemed to me as far as possible from secure. Yet it was plain that his only thought was to ease the lion's pain.

"I could n't have done that with all my lions," Bonavita said to me after the operation; "but this one is specially trained. You know he lets me put my head in his mouth."

Bonavita is a handsome, slender man, with dark hair and eyes, quite the type of a Spanish gentleman; and I liked him not only for his mastery of twenty-odd lions, but because he had a gentle manner and was modest about his work. According to Mr. Bostock, Bonavita has but two strong affections: one for his old mother, and one for his lions. Occasionally I could get him aside for a talk, and that was a thing worth doing.

"People ask me such foolish questions about wild beasts," he said one day. "For instance, they want to know which would win in a fight, a lion or a tiger. I tell them that is like asking which would win in a fight, an Irishman or a Scotchman. It all depends on the particular tiger you have and the particular lion. Animals are just as different as men: some are good, some bad; some you can trust and some you can't trust."

"Which is the most dangerous lion you have?" I inquired.

"Well," said he, "that 's one of those questions I don't know how to answer. If you ask which lion has been the most dangerous so far, I would say 'Denver,' because he tore my right arm one day so badly that they nearly had to cut it off. Still, I think 'Ingomar' is my most dangerous lion, although he has n't got his teeth in me yet; he 's tried, but missed me. It does n't matter, though, what I think, for it may be one of these lazy, innocent-looking lions that will really kill me. They seem tame as kittens, but you can't tell what 's underneath. Suppose I turn my back and one of them springs—why, it 's all off."

Another day he said: "A man gets more confidence every time he faces an angry lion and comes out all right. Finally he gets so sure of his power that he does strange things. I have seen a lion coming at me and have never moved, and the lion has stopped. I have had a lion strike at me and the blow has just grazed my head, and have stood still, with my whip lifted, and the lion has gone off afraid. One day in the ring a lion caught my left arm in his teeth as I passed between two pedestals. I did n't pull away, but stamped my foot and cried out, 'Baltimore,' what do you mean? The stamp of my foot was the lion's cue to get

off the pedestal, and Baltimore loosed his jaws and jumped down. His habit of routine was stronger than his desire to bite me."

Again, Bonavita explained that there is some strange virtue in carrying in the left hand a whip which is never used. The tamer strikes with his right-hand whip when it is necessary, but only lifts his left-hand whip and holds it as a menace over the lion. And it is likely, Bonavita thinks, that to strike with that reserve whip would be to dispel the lion's idea that it is some mysterious force that he dare not face.

"You see, lions are n't very intelligent," he said; "they don't understand what men are or what they want. That is our hardest work—to make a lion understand what we want. As soon as he knows that he is expected to sit on a pedestal he is willing enough to do it, especially if he gets some meat; but it often takes weeks before he comprehends what we are driving at. You can see what slow brains lions have, or tigers either, by watching them fight for a stick or a tin cup. They could n't get more excited over a piece of meat. One of the worst wounds I ever got came from going into a lion's den after an overcoat that he had dragged away from a foolish spectator who was poking it at him."

One day I got Bonavita to tell me about the time when the lion Denver attacked him. It was during a performance at Indianapolis, in the fall of 1900, and the trouble came at the end of the runway where the two circular passages from the cages open on the iron bridge that leads to the show-ring. Bonavita had just driven seven lions into this narrow space, and was waiting for the attendants to open the iron-barred door, when Denver sprang at him and set his teeth in his right arm. This stirred the other lions, and they all turned on Bonavita; but, fortunately, only two could reach him for the crush of bodies. Here was a tamer in sorest need, for the weight of the lions kept the iron doors from opening and barred out the rescuers. In the audience was wildest panic, and the building resounded with shouts and screams and the roars of angry lions. Women fainted; men rushed forward brandishing revolvers, but dared not shoot; and for a few moments it seemed as if the tamer was doomed.

But Bonavita's steady nerve saved him. As Denver opened his jaws to seize a more vital spot, the tamer drove his whip-handle far down into his red throat, and then, with a cudgel passed in to him, beat the brute back. The other lions followed, and this freed the iron door, which the grooms straightway opened, and in a moment the seven lions were leaping toward the ring as if nothing had happened. And last of the seven came Denver, driven by Bonavita, white-faced and suffering, but the master now, and greeted with cheers and roars of applause. No one realized how badly he was hurt, for his face gave no sign. He bowed to the audience, cracked his whip, and began the act as usual. As he went on he grew weaker, but stuck to it until he had put the lions through four of their tricks, and then he staggered out of the ring into the arms of the doctors, who found him torn with four ugly wounds which kept him for weeks in the hospital. That, I think, is an instance of the very finest lion-tamer spirit.

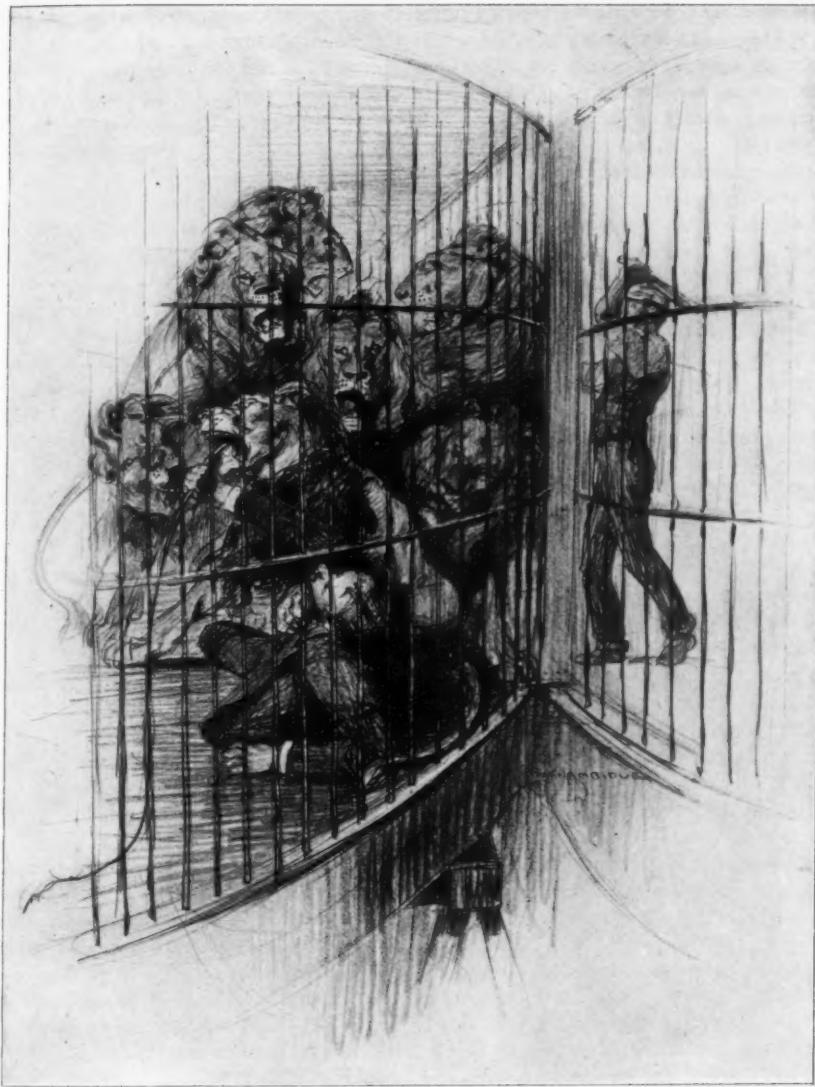
Whenever I made the round of cages with Mr. Bostock I was struck by the fierce behavior of a certain male lion with brown-and-yellow mane,—"Young Wallace" they called him,—who would set up a horrible snarling as soon as we came near, and rush at the bars as if to tear them down. And no matter how great the crowd, his wicked yellow eyes would always follow Bostock, and his deep, purring roar would continue and break into furious barks if the tamer approached the bars. Then his jaws would open and the red muzzle curl back from his tusks, and again and again he would strike the floor with blows that would crush a horse.

"Does n't love me, does he?" said Bostock, one day.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"Why, nothing; only he's a wild lion—never been tamed, you know; and I took him in the ring one day. He has n't forgotten it—have you, old boy? Hah!" Bostock stamped his foot suddenly, and Young Wallace crouched back, snarling still, a picture of hatred and fear.

"Yes," went on Bostock, "he's wild enough. You see, after the fire, I had to get animals from pretty much everywhere, and get 'em quick. Did some rapid cabling, I can tell you; and



BONAVITA'S FIGHT WITH SEVEN LIONS IN THE RUNWAY.

pretty soon there were lions and tigers and leopards and—oh, everything from sacred bulls down to snakes, chasing across the ocean, and more than half of them had been loose in the jungle six months ago. It was a case of hustle, and we took what they sent us. Then we had fun breaking 'em in. Ask Madame Morelli if we did n't. She 's in the hospital now from

the claws of that fiend." He pointed to a sleepy-looking jaguar.

"Tell you how I came to take this wild lion into the ring. I had a press-agent who had been announcing out West what a wonder I was with wild beasts, and how I was n't afraid of anything on legs, and so on. That was all very well while I was in Baltimore; but when

I joined my other show after the fire, of course I had to live up to my reputation. And when they got up a traveling men's benefit out in Indianapolis and asked me to go on with Young Wallace, why, there was n't anything to do but to go on. It was n't quite so funny, though, as it seemed, for I might as well have taken in a lion fresh from the wilds of Africa." Mr. Bostock smiled at the memory.

"Well, I did the thing, and got through all right. Young Wallace has n't forgotten what happened to him. I got the best of him by a trick: had a little shelter cage placed inside the big arena cage, and at first I stood in the small one, and let the lion come at me. Oh, you 'd better believe he came! I thought sure he 'd jump clean over the thing and land on me; for there was no roof to my cage—only sides of wire netting. He did n't quite do it, though; and as soon as I saw he was getting sort of rattled I stepped out quick and went at him hard with whip and club. And I drove him all over the ring, and the people went crazy, for he was the maddest lion you ever saw.

"That was all right as far as it went, but the people wanted more. They got to be out-and-out bloodthirsty there in Indianapolis. Wanted me to go in the ring with 'Rajah,' that big tiger. See, over here! Come up, Rajah. Beauty, is n't he? Does n't pay any special attention to me, does he? Nearly killed me, just the same. Look!" He lifted his cap and showed wide strips of plaster on his head.

"Point about Rajah was that he 'd killed one of my keepers a couple of weeks before. Poor fellow got in his cage by mistake. And now these Indianapolis folks wanted to see me handle him. Between you and me, this keeper was n't the first man Rajah had killed, and I did n't care much for the job. As for my wife—well, you can imagine how she felt when she heard I was going in with Rajah.

"On the morning of the performance I decided to have a rehearsal, and called on a few picked men to help me. I knew by the way he had killed the keeper that Rajah would go at my head if he attacked me at all, so I rigged up a mask of iron wire, and wore this strapped over my head like a little barrel. Then I drove him into the arena and began, while the others

looked on anxiously. It 's queer, sir, but that tiger went through his tricks as nicely as you please, back and forth, up on his pedestal and down again, everything just as he used to do in the old days before he went bad. Never balked, never turned on me; just as good as gold.

"Soon as I was satisfied I drove him across the bridge and down the runway toward his den. I came about a dozen feet behind him, carrying a long wooden shield, as we generally do in a narrow space. Rajah reached his cage all right, and went in. You see, he could n't go down the runway any farther, for the door opening outward barred the passage. Behind that door I had stationed a keeper, with orders to close it as soon as Rajah was inside; but Rajah went in so silently that the keeper did n't know it, the peep-holes in the door being too high for him to see very well. The result was that the cage door stood open for a few seconds after the tiger had gone in. It seems a little thing, but it nearly cost me my life; for when I came up Rajah's head was right back of the open door, and when I reached out my hand to close the door he sprang at me, and in a second had me down, with his teeth in my arm and his claws digging into my head through openings in the mask.

"Then you 'd better believe there was a fight in that runway! The keepers rushed in; Bonavita rushed in. They shot at him with revolvers, they jabbed him with irons, they pounded at him with clubs; and one of the blows that Rajah dodged knocked me senseless. Well, they got me out finally. I guess the mask saved my life. But I did n't take Rajah into the ring that evening, and Rajah won't be seen in the ring any more. He 's made trouble enough. Why, the things I could tell you about that tiger would fill a book."

Some of these things he did tell me, for I brought the talk back to Rajah whenever the chance offered. I well remember, for instance, the occasion when I heard how Rajah once got out of his cage and chased a quagga—one of those queer little animals that are half zebra and half mule. It was late at night, and we had entered the runway, Mr. Bostock and I, after the performance, for he wanted me to

ahead
A so
Who

realize the perils of this narrow boarded lane that circles all the dens and leads the lions to the ring. It is indeed a terrifying place—a low, dimly lighted passage, curving constantly, so that you see ahead scarcely twenty feet, and are always turning a slow corner, always peering

these runways! Of course a lion has no business to be out of his den, but—but suppose he is? Suppose you meet him—now—there!

Well, it was here that I heard the story. Bonavita, it appears, was standing on the bridge one morning when there arose a fearful racket



"RAJAH'S" ATTACK UPON BONAVITA IN THE RUNWAY.

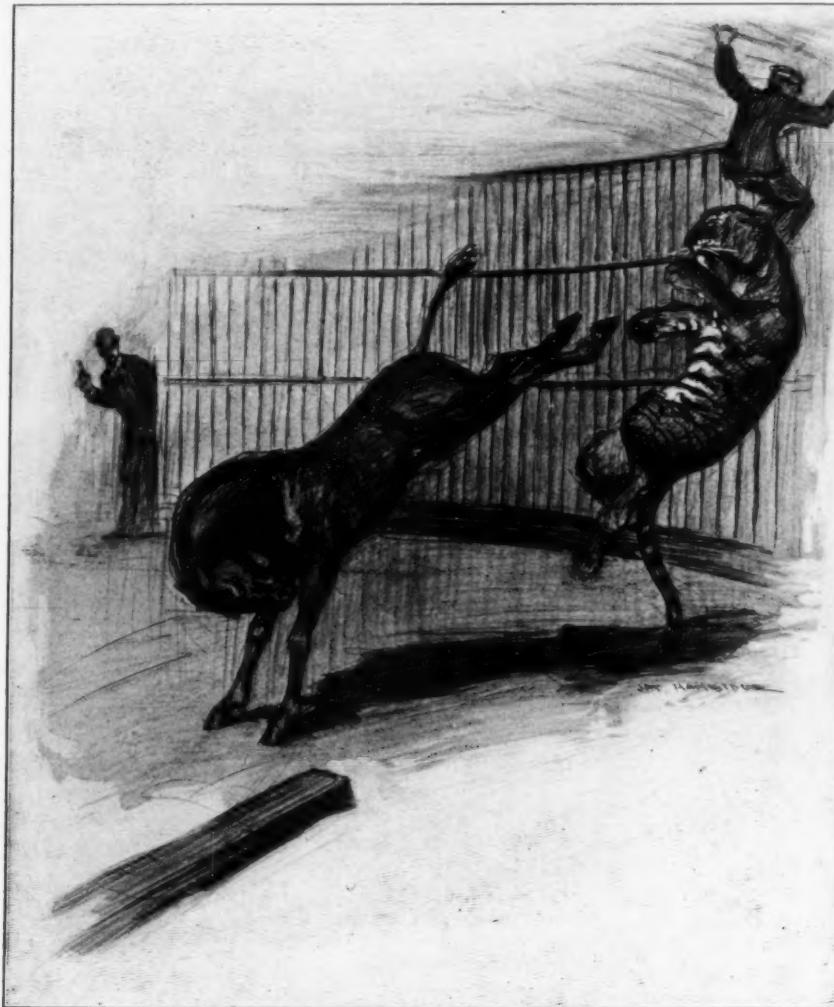
ahead uneasily and listening! What is that? A soft tread? The glow of greenish eyeballs? Who can tell when a bolt may slip or a board give way? So many things have happened in

in the runway, and looking in he saw the quagga tearing along toward him. He concluded that some one had unfastened the door, and was just preparing to check the animal,

when around the curve came Rajah in full pursuit. Bonavita stepped back, drew his revolver, and, as the tiger rushed past, fired a blank cartridge, thinking thus to divert him from the quagga. But Rajah paid not the

watched the race from the top. Bonavita, powerless to interfere, watched from the bridge.

Of all races ever run in a circus this was the most remarkable. It was a race for life, as the quagga knew and the tiger intended. Five



THE TIGER "RAJAH" KICKED BY THE QUAGGA.

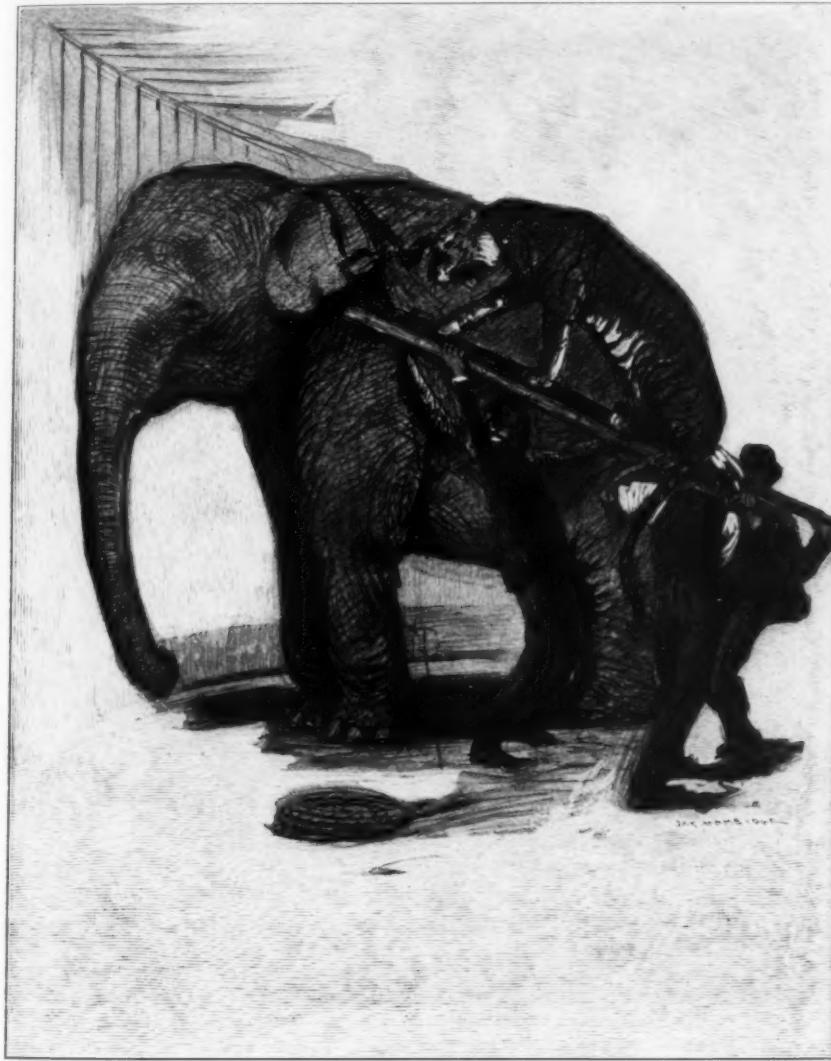
slightest heed, and in long bounds came out into the arena hard after the terrified quadruped, which was galloping now with the speed of despair. A keeper who was sweeping clambered up the iron sides and anxiously

times they circled the arena, Rajah gaining always, but never enough for a spring. In the sixth turn, however, he judged the distance right, and straightway a black-and-yellow body shot through the air in true aim at the prey.

any
heel
the
nice

Whereupon the quagga did the only thing a quagga could do—let out both hind legs in one straight tremendous kick; and they do say that a quagga can kick the eyes out of a fly. At

it. The quagga trotted back to its cage, Bonavita put up his revolver, the frightened sweeper climbed down from the bars, and Rajah was hauled back ignominiously to his den.



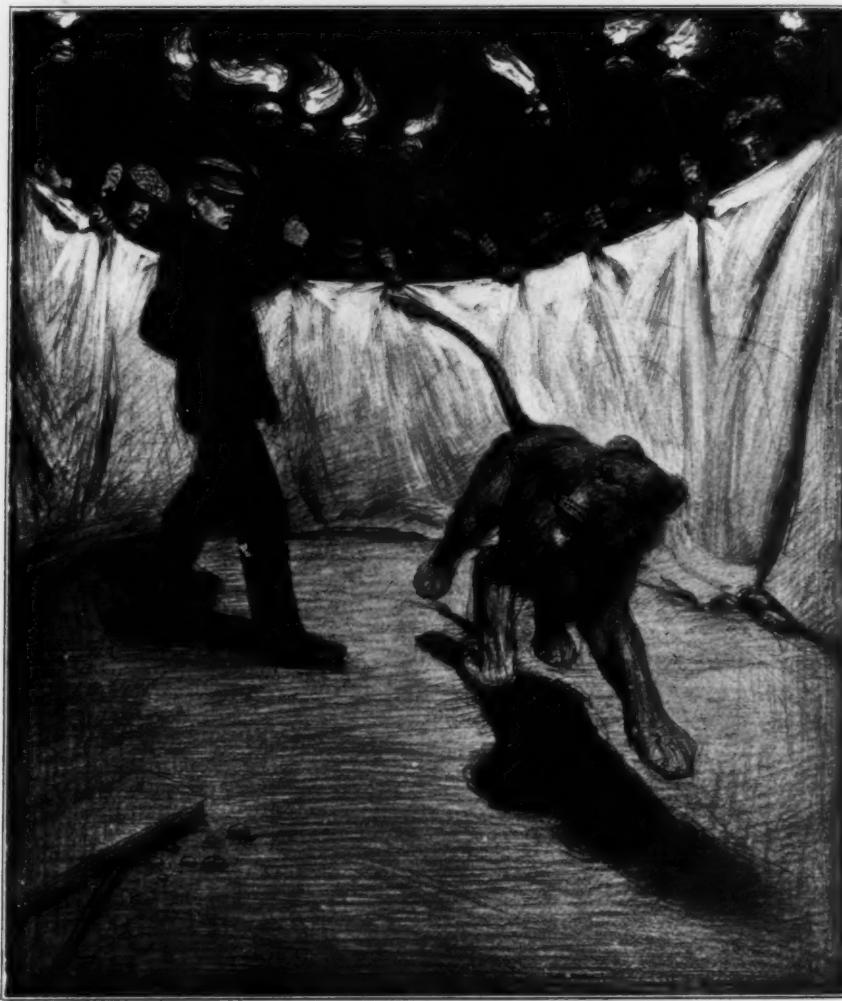
PUTTING THE TIGER "RAJAH" AGAIN UPON THE ELEPHANT'S BACK.

any rate, in this case a pair of nervous little heels caught the descending tiger squarely under the lower jaw, and put him to sleep like a nice little lullaby. And that was the end of

Here we have three instances showing the extreme importance of little things in a menagerie. A keeper opens door No. 13 instead of door No. 14, and is straightway killed. A

screw is loose in a bolt fastening, and, presto! For some reason Rajah had been transferred a tiger is at large. A watcher at a peep-hole looks away for a moment, and a life goes into jeopardy. It is always so; and I will let Mr.

to a bear-wagon, and we ought to have examined it more carefully, for bears are the worst fellows in the world to damage a cage



HOW THE LIONESS WAS CAPTURED ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE.

Bostock tell how a little thing gave Rajah his first longing to kill.

"It was several years ago," said he, "when I was running a wagon show in England. I remember we were about a mile and a half out of a certain town when this thing happened.

by ripping up the timbers; it seems as if nothing can resist their claws and teeth. And this particular cage was in such bad shape that Rajah managed to get out of it. I knew something must be wrong when I saw the big elephant-wagon that headed the procession go

tearing away with its six horses on a dead run under the driver's lash. No wonder the driver was scared, for he had turned his head and seen the two draft-horses that followed him down on the ground, with Rajah tearing at one of them, and the other one dead.

"It was n't a pretty sight when we got there, and it was n't an easy job, either, capturing Rajah. I don't know what we should have done if it had n't been for a long-haired fellow in the show called 'Mustang Ned,' who came up with a coil of rope and lassoed the tiger. Then we tangled him up in netting, and finally got him into one of the shifting cages. But after that he was never the same tiger. You would n't think there was a time when Rajah used to ride around the tent on an elephant's back, with only a little black boy to guard him!"

"What, outside the iron ring?"

"Yes, sir, right among the women and children. He did that twice a day for over a year. Might be doing it yet if the black boy had n't been so careful of his white trousers."

"His white trousers?"

"That's right. You see, this boy rode on the elephant, behind Rajah, and he wore long black boots and a fine white suit. Made quite a picture. Only he did n't like to rub his trousers against the tiger, for an animal's back is naturally oily; so he used to put his legs under a lion's skin that Rajah rode on, and tuck it around him like a carriage-robe.

"Well, one day as they were going around the nigger lost his balance and tumbled off the elephant, pulling the lion's skin with him, and of course that pulled Rajah along too. The first thing we knew, there was a big tiger on the ground, and people running about and screaming. Pleasant, was n't it?"

"In another minute we'd have had a panic; but by good luck I was there, and caught Rajah quickly around the neck and held him until the others got a rope on him. Then we had a time getting him back on the elephant. First I tried to make him spring up from a high pedestal, but he would n't spring. Next I had them work a ladder under Rajah so that he sat on it; and then, with two men at one end and me at the other, we lifted him slowly level

with our shoulders, level with our heads, and just there the tiger gave a vicious growl, and the two men lowered their end. That made him work up toward my end, and in a second I had Rajah's face close to my face and both my hands occupied with the ladder. I could n't do a thing, and the only question was what *he* would do. He looked at me, looked at the elephant, and then struck out hard and quick, only missing me by a hair; in fact, he did n't miss me entirely, for one of his claws just reached the corner of my eye—see, I have the scar still. But he jumped on the elephant, and we kept the mastery that day. Still, it was bad business, and I saw we could n't take such chances again. That was Rajah's last ride."

And now I must come to the last story in this article, although there are endless others that might be told; it is about a lioness that escaped from a circus train, and I give it in the keeper's words.

"We were showing out in Kansas," said he, "and one night a cage fell off a train as we were running along, became unlashed or something, and when we stuck our heads out of the sleeper, there were a pair of greenish, burning eyes coming down the side of the track, and we could hear a *ruh-ruh-r-r-ruh*—something between a bark and a roar—that did n't cheer us up any, you'd better believe. Then George Conklin—he was the head tamer—yelled: 'By gracious, it's "Mary"! Come on, boys; we must get her!' and out we went. Mary was a full-grown lioness, and she was loose there in the darkness, out on a bare prairie, without a house or a fence anywhere for miles."

"Hold on," said I; "how did your circus train happen to stop when the cage fell off?"

With indulgent smile he explained that a circus train running at night always has guards on the watch, who wave quick lanterns to the engineer in any emergency.

"Well," continued the man, "George Conklin had that cage fixed up and the lioness safe inside within forty minutes by the clock. Do? Why, it was easy enough. We unrolled about a hundred yards of side-wall tenting, and carried it toward the lioness—a sort of moving fence. And every man carried a flaming kerosene torch. There was a picture to remember:

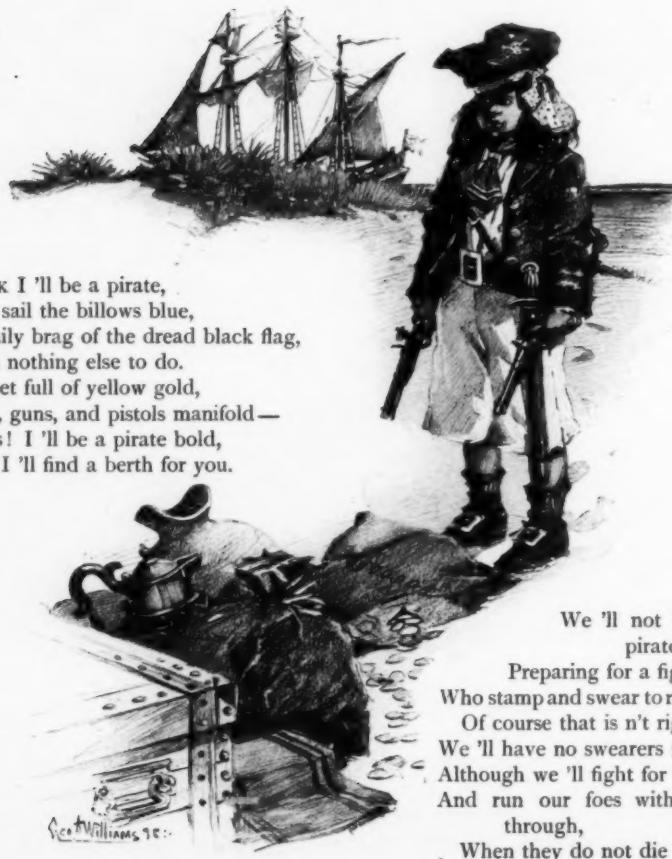
that line of heads over the canvas wall, and the flaring lights gradually circling around the lioness, who backed, growling and switching her tail—backed away from the fire until presently, as we closed in, we had her in the mouth of a funnel of canvas, with torches everywhere except just at her back, where the open cage was. Then Conklin spoke sharp to her, just as if they were in the ring, and snapped his whip, and the next thing, Miss Mary was safe behind the bars. It was a pretty neat job, I can tell you!"

(THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE DYNAMITE WORKER.")

CAPTAIN KIDD, JR.

BY W. H. SAL.

I THINK I 'll be a pirate,
And sail the billows blue,
And gaily brag of the dread black flag,
With nothing else to do.
A pocket full of yellow gold,
Swords, guns, and pistols manifold—
Oh, yes! I 'll be a pirate bold,
And I 'll find a berth for you.



We 'll not be like those pirates,
Preparing for a fight,
Who stamp and swear to raise your hair;
Of course that is n't right.
We 'll have no swearers in our crew,
Although we 'll fight for booty, too,
And run our foes with our rapiers
through,
When they do not die of fright.



A TUG O' WAR.

MISS SLIP-O'-THE-TONGUE.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

MISS SLIP-O'-THE-TONGUE her fate bemoaned,
Though a maiden wise and witty.
(Her real name is Belinda Jones,
And she lives in New York City.)

But she has one failing, beyond a doubt:
Whatever she 's expounding,
She twists the letters and words about
In a manner most astounding.

To cook a turkey she planned one day,
In phrases learned and booky;
Then bade, in her absent-minded way,
The maid to "turk a cookey."

She went to a great bazaar in town
For a jug and a water-bottle.

The rude clerk laughed till he tumbled down;
She asked for a "bug and jottle"!

At morn she hastened to catch the train,
But came back broken-hearted.
Her frantic efforts were all in vain;
She said the "stars had carted."

And now she has "climbed the capax" bold
And crowned herself with glory;
But "capped the climax," as we are told,
Explains this curious story.

Miss Slip-o'-the-Tongue her folly owns,
And craves your kindest pity;
She says her name is "Jelinda Bones,"
And she lives in "Yew Nork City."

The Imp's Matinée.



BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM.

THE Imp strolled out of the big summer hotel with that careless and disengaged air that meant particular and pressing business. It was very early,—lunch was barely over,—and he was the only person on the broad piazza. As he rounded the corner he ran against Bell-boy No. 5, a great friend of his.

"Hello, Imp!" shouted No. 5. "Where're you goin'?"

"To the theater to buy my ticket for the play," announced the Imp, proudly.

"Oh," said No. 5, "guess I'd rather go to the circus over at Milltown. That's to-day, too. Why don't you go there? Everybody in town's goin', except these hotel folks. Why don't you go?"

The Imp frowned. This was a tender point. "I said that I would just as soon *not* go to the circus, Jim," said he. "I *could* have went if I

had liked — that is, I very nearly could. And I said that if they would *very* much rather I went to the theater instead, and if" — here the Imp forgot his elaborate courtesy, and spluttered — "if they'd stop fussing over me because I am only seven and a quarter, and Milltown is four miles off, mama's away, and Uncle Stanley is n't here, and Mr. Jarvis says the elephant hates polo-caps, and I had a little, tiny headache last week, and I'm all right now —"

"Oh, well," said No. 5, soothingly, "I guess it's no great shakes of a circus. I guess the play'll be a lot better. I —"

"Third floor, here, at once!" somebody called. "Five! I say, Five!"

"That's me," said No. 5, in a surprised tone. "I guess I'd better toddle off, sometime to-day. So long, Imp!"

A drop of bitterness had fallen into the Imp's

cup of pleasure. He had almost begun to believe he preferred the theater to the circus, and now—whatever Jim might say, *he* was going to the circus. The Imp tramped through the little dusty town, looking at its one street of shops with undisguised contempt. This town was really very small. He extracted a quarter from his dirty little pocket-book, treasured because the parting gift of James O'Connor, and walked lightly into the small, dingy theater. In the ticket-office stood a tall, white-faced man, very shabbily dressed, with dark, glowing eyes that stared at the Imp uncomfortably. He felt like an intruder; but secure in the consciousness of virtue, he laid down the quarter with a slap on the little counter. "I would like a ticket to this theater this afternoon," he said, politely but firmly.

"Oh," said the man, "that 's more than many would." And he laughed unpleasantly. "You are n't patronizing the circus to-day, then?"

The Imp blushed. "No, I 'm not," he said faintly; "I 'm patterizing this theater instead. I—I thought I 'd better."

The man turned away rather crossly, and lit a cigar. "Go on in, then," he said, "and take your pick of seats. The crowd 's not so big but that you 'll get a good one."

The Imp walked through a dirty, green baize door into a small theater, quite empty. Across the stage scuttled a man with a dust-pan in one hand and a wig in the other. From behind the curtain came voices pitched high, as of people quarreling. The hot sun streamed through the holes in the window-shades, and showed the dust and dirt and stains that covered everything. It was a distinctly dreary scene, and the Imp felt very lonely and mournful. Nevertheless he was on pleasure bent, and so he walked up to a front seat near the aisle, and settled himself expectantly.

For some time nothing occurred. Then the curtain was pushed aside, and a woman peeped out. As she saw the Imp's interested face beaming from the front seat in the aisle, her mouth slowly opened. "Sakes alive!" she said, and disappeared.

The Imp had never been to the theater in his life, but he had heard it discussed. Could

this be the first act? He had never heard of any act that came after the fourth,— Uncle Stanley said he always skipped during the fourth act,— so there would be but three more, in all probability. Three more heads, interesting, but brief in their stay, and then it would be over? Impossible! Twenty-five cents for that? He grew red with indignation.

A long wait, at least ten minutes, then the curtain was pulled from the other side, and a man's head peered cautiously out. The Imp caught his eye, and glared stonily at him. The man's mouth opened, and he said with some temper: "Oh, *hang* that circus, anyhow!" Then he disappeared. If this was Act Two, the theater certainly left a great deal to be desired. And "hang" was not a very nice word!

Then absolutely nothing happened, though the audience waited with dogged patience for twenty minutes. Finally he got up and strolled down to the office. The man with the dark eyes that looked somehow very unhappy, for all he scowled so fiercely, was blowing rings of smoke through the little opening where you bought the tickets. The Imp confronted him in injured innocence, and sniffed, after the fashion of people who are too old to cry, but who will give way to tears if they are in the privacy of their mother's bedroom. "Is the theater over?" he asked.

The man stared. "Have you been in there all this time?" he said. "Why, there is n't going to be any play, sonny. There 's nobody to play to, you see."

"There 's me," said the Imp.

The man coughed. "Yes, there 's you," he agreed; "but I 'm afraid you won't quite do. The company could n't be expected to perform, you see, for just one *k*— one person. I 'll give you your money back and you can go—oh, go to the circus!"

This was the last straw. The Imp cast himself on the dirty floor, to the great detriment of his blouse, and wept openly.

"But I *can't*!" he wailed. "I *can't* go to the circus! I promised I 'd be sat-satisfied to c-come here to the th-theater! And now there is n't any theater! And I can't break my p-p-promise! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The man came out of the office and patted

the Imp kindly on the shoulder. "Oh, take a brace, now!" he said. "Get up, and never mind. It's hard luck, I know, but you see they can't play for one boy — they simply can't. They'd like to play well enough — that's what they're here for, you see; but it would n't be worth while to go to all that fuss for one seat. I — I'm sorry for you; by Jove, I am! The only man who sticks by the legitimate — the only one faithful to the stage!" And he laughed.

his polo-cap. "I wish I was twins," he said thoughtfully, "and then I'd count for more! I wish I was a whole family!"

The man laughed, saying, "I wish so too."

The Imp turned the polo-cap around in his hands. "Would you act the theater for ten people?" he said.

The man shook his head. "I'm afraid not; it would n't pay."

"Would you act it for twenty people?"

The man hesitated. "That's pretty small," he said; "I don't know."

The Imp gasped at his own daring, but persisted: "Would you do it for thirty?"

The man looked at the determined little figure in a blouse and corduroy knee-breeches. "Why, ye-es, I guess they would," he said slowly; "that would pay the fares: I guess they would. Why?"

"Then you wait! you just wait!" begged the Imp, with the fire of resolution in his eye. "You just make 'em wait a minute. I'll be back — you just wait!" He nodded encouragingly to the astonished man, and fled up the narrow, deserted street. His heart was beating hard, his tears were forgotten. He should see the theater. Now that he knew that the two heads were not all that he had paid twenty-five cents to behold, his hopes ran high.

He panted through the driveway, and stopped to get his breath at the hotel steps. The Hungarian Gipsy Band was playing on the broad piazza, and everybody was sitting there, laughing and chatting. There were at least a hundred people there, and they all sat perfectly



"THEY CAN'T PLAY FOR ONE BOY — THEY SIMPLY CAN'T," SAID THE MAN."

The Imp did n't understand, but he knew the man meant well, and he did n't mind being laughed at in that spirit. He sat up and brushed

still and stared when a dusty little boy dashed up the steps and cried wildly at them: "Will you please to come to the theater? Oh, won't

you come to the theater? Won't thirty of you come to the theater with me?"

The Tall Young Man in white tennis-flannels advanced and grinned in his kindly way at the Imp. "What's all this? What's up?" he inquired.

The Imp remembered his manners and took off his red polo-cap.

"How do you do?" he asked politely.

The Tall Young Man replied that he was quite well—rather better than usual, in fact. "Did I understand you to invite me to the theater?" he added.

Oh, ceremony takes up so much valuable time! The Imp glanced behind him. Had the theater people gone? Were they tired of waiting? Then he burst into his tale:

"I paid twenty-five cents to go to the theater, and everybody's gone to the circus, and they won't act the theater for just me, and I paid for my ticket!"

He stopped for breath, and the Hungarian Band, at a nod from the leader, stopped playing at the same moment. The Imp's face was tragic: one would have thought he was describing a scene of anguish.

"So I asked the man would he act the theater for ten people, and he would n't. And I asked him would he for twenty people, and he would n't. And I asked him would he for thirty people, and he would. And I hurried up so much, and I hope they have n't gone, and *won't* you come? It's only twenty-five cents!"

Here the Imp sat down and fanned himself with his cap and sobbed for pure excitement. Everybody looked exceedingly interested, and Miss Eleanor, in the beautiful bright-red dress, was distinctly sympathetic. "Poor little fellow!" she said softly. "Poor, tired little Imp!"



"THAT'S THE HEAVY VILLAIN." (SEE PAGE 889.)

The Tall Young Man in tennis-flannels faced the company. "My friends," he said earnestly, "we cannot neglect this appeal. Come to the theater!"

And before the Imp could find time to be surprised, the people on the piazza burst into laughter, and followed the Tall Young Man down the steps.

"They're all coming!—all but old Mrs. Sampson and Mr. Reed! Every one!" the Imp gasped, as they hurried along.

"Of course they're coming, when *we* invited them!" said the Tall Young Man. "Hallo! what's this?"

Up the road came five, six big carryalls from the hotel across the river, full of summer people. They had horns and whistles, and they made a

very jolly noise. "Hallo, the Mayflower!" called the Tall Young Man. "Hallo, the Plymouth!" called back somebody from the wagons. "What 's this? Sunday-school picnic?"

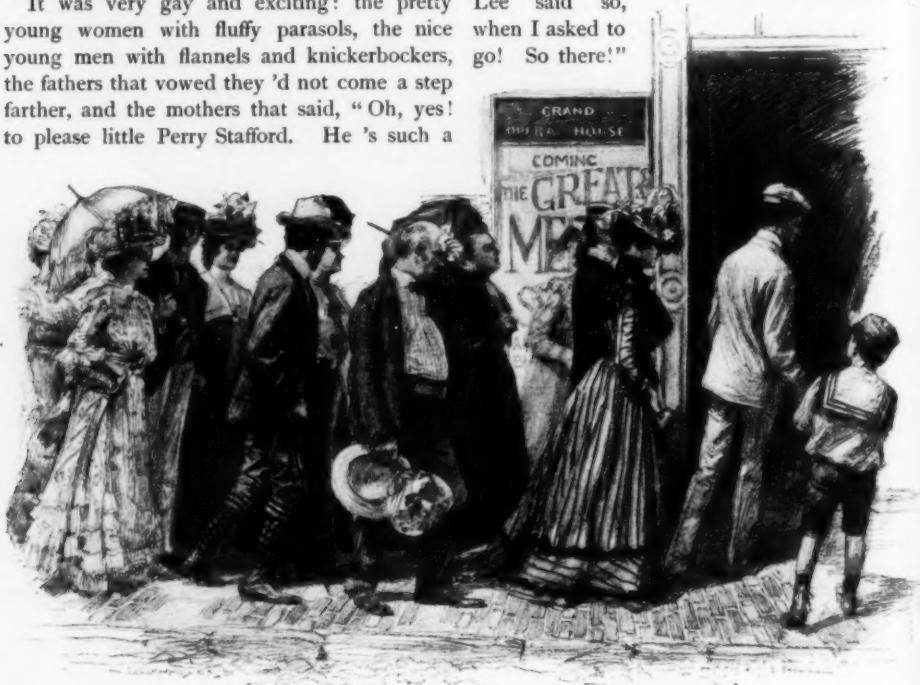
"Not much!" said the Tall Young Man. "This is a theater party, this is! It 's no use going to call on the Plymouth — we 're not at home! Come on to the matinée!"

Then everybody laughed, and somebody said, "Oh, come on!" and they scrambled out and joined the procession.

It was very gay and exciting: the pretty young women with fluffy parasols, the nice young men with flannels and knickerbockers, the fathers that vowed they 'd not come a step farther, and the mothers that said, "Oh, yes! to please little Perry Stafford. He 's such a

"By all means!" agreed the Tall Young Man, and he strode across the lawn and talked vigorously for a moment. There was some objection. The Tall Young Man waved his hand toward the gay, laughing crowd in the rear. "Are n't we respectable enough for you?" he demanded. "Good gracious! What do you want? Why, I 'm going myself! Second-rate show, indeed!"

The Imp dashed up. "It is *n't* second-rate, truly!" he cried eagerly. "It 's third-rate! Mr. Lee said so, when I asked to go! So there!"



"THE IMP CONDUCTED THEM TO THE DOOR OF THE THEATER."

dear!" If the Imp had heard, he would have been greatly surprised. But he was at the head of the procession, striding manfully along, trying to match his short brown-corduroy legs to the long white-flannel ones. Everything was going beautifully — better than he had dared to hope. He grew very excited, and as they passed the little church and saw a group of people in white dresses eating strawberries on the lawn, he pulled the Tall Young Man's sleeve. "Ask them, too!" the Imp whispered eagerly.

Then they laughed and said, "Oh, well, if it 's *third*-rate —" And, lo and behold! they came along!

The Imp conducted them to the door of the theater, and went in ahead with the Tall Young Man. Coming down the aisle were a man and woman, and at sight of the Imp and his escort they stopped and stared. The Imp recognized them as his friends of the first and second acts. "Oh, go back! go back!" he said eagerly. "There are lots of us at the theater now!"

There 's lots more than thirty!" They turned and fled behind the curtain.

After a crowded session at the "box-office," as the Tall Young Man called it, the procession poured in, laughing and talking. They filled the wooden settees and the four dingy boxes at the side of the stage, and then, with a burst of applause from the audience, in came the Hungarian Band! They settled themselves below the stage, and as the Tall Young Man, who was busily showing people to their seats, called out in a high, cracked voice, "Ladies, please *remove* their hats *in* the parquet!" they struck up the overture to William Tell, and the Imp felt that the circus could be only a little better than the theater!

The people all seemed so jolly, and everybody laughed so loudly, and the Tall Young Man was so funny, as he fanned the ladies in the boxes with newspapers, and leaned over their chairs and made opera-glasses of his hands and stared down at the Imp.

"Who is that beautiful child in brown corduroy?" he asked loudly. "Who *can* that angel be? He is too valuable to be left alone!" And they all laughed—but the Imp did n't care. He was too happy. He made glasses of his hands, too, and so did the rest, and stared at the box where the Tall Young Man stood.

And then a bell struck, once, twice, and the music stopped, and the curtain rose. The Imp held his breath. A beautiful lady sat all alone on a bench in a garden. "Alas!" she said in a loud voice, "what an unhappy lot is mine!" The Imp would have liked to hear more, but the people began to clap their hands very hard, and the Tall Young Man especially seemed quite beside himself with enthusiasm. The lady seemed somewhat embarrassed, but kept on with her speech, and soon the people stopped.

Then the play went on. The Imp did not understand the plot at all; he could not make out half they said; but he was deeply interested, nevertheless. He felt that he was, in a way, the proprietor of the thing, and he only wished his mother and Aunt Gertrude were not away up the river in a rowboat, and could see what he had brought to pass.

At one point in the play he caught his breath, for there stalked on the stage, in a big black

hat and top-boots, his friend who took the money for the tickets! Everybody laughed and applauded as soon as he came in, and the leader of the Hungarian Band laughed, too, and played a queer, sad, jerky music that made the Imp feel half afraid. The band watched his violin, and followed whatever he played, laughing all the time.

As soon as the man began to speak, the Imp trembled, his voice was so low and menacing.

"That 's the Heavy Villain, Imp dear," said Miss Eleanor, who sat by him.

"Heavy?" said the Imp, curiously, "heavy? How much does he weigh? More than my Uncle Stanley?"

Miss Eleanor laughed. "Oh, tons more!" she said.

After the man had talked a little, the people sat quite still. His big eyes burned and glowed, his hands trembled, and when he stepped out to the front and made a long, threatening speech, and shook his fist and strode away muttering, they burst into applause that seemed even to the little Imp to be very enthusiastic and real. They clapped so long that he came back and stood very straight and bowed and smiled, and one of the ladies in the boxes threw on the stage at his feet a bunch of mountain-laurel. He bent and picked it up, and walked off very proudly, and after that, whenever he came on, the audience kept very still, and applauded loudly when he went off.

The Imp did n't know that it was a poor play, poorly staged, and, except for the Heavy Villain, poorly acted. He did n't know that the city people laughed at the tragic parts, and sighed at the comic scenes, and enjoyed the joke of being in a little dingy country theater more than anything on the stage. He thought that people always ate candy and pop-corn balls at theaters, and did not doubt that it was the custom to converse from the floor with the boxes between the acts.

When it was over, and the wicked Villain had died so naturally that the Imp was terribly frightened and hid his face in Miss Eleanor's red lap, they applauded more than ever, and called the delighted actors before the curtain, and threw what flowers and candy they had left

at them; and the band "played them out," as the Tall Young Man in flannel said. And a fat, fussy gentleman who had absolutely refused to come to this theater, and had only allowed himself to be led there by Miss Eleanor, rushed down the aisle and up the side steps behind the curtain. The Imp heard some one say, "He's gone to get that Villain. Big piece of luck for him!"

So he fled rapidly after the fat, fussy gentleman, for the Villain was his friend, and he wished to see him get a big piece of luck.

They pushed through a little crowd of men and women laughing and eating and walking about, to a big, bare room where the Heavy Villain sat with his head on his arms, all alone. The fussy gentleman trotted over to him and tapped his shoulder. "Look here," he said, "is n't this Henry Blair?"

The Villain looked up. His eyes were blacker than ever. "Yes, it is," he said shortly. "Who are you?"

The fussy gentleman smiled. "I'm Sibley, of New York," he said.

The Villain started up. "Sibley?" he stammered. "L. P. Sibley, the manager?"

"The very same," said the fussy gentleman, "and the man who made your father famous. What are you doing here, Blair?"

The Villain blushed. "I was sick," he said, "and I got discouraged, and I got in here, and we drifted along—"

"Well, you want to stop drifting and get to work," said the fussy gentleman. "You quit this traveling insane asylum as soon as you can, and come down to me. You've got your father's talent, young man, and you want to do something with it. D'you see?"

The Villain seemed very much moved and very grateful. He seized the fussy gentleman's hand and pressed it, and said he'd never forget his kindness, and other things the Imp did n't understand at all. Why so grateful at being

told to get to work? Still, he was glad if the Villain was, for he liked the Villain.

"Oh, don't thank me—thank our friend the Imp," said the fussy gentleman, quickly. "If it had n't been for him we'd none of us have come near the place. It's his show."

Then the Villain seized the Imp and blessed him, and, as the gentleman's back was turned just then, actually kissed him!

"What's the matter?" said the Imp, as he wiped his cheek, "do you feel bad?" And remembering the Villain's advice to him when he was groveling on the floor, he patted his head kindly. "Come, take a brace!" he said in a fatherly way.

So they laughed and went away, the fussy gentleman and the Imp, and Miss Eleanor was waiting for them, and they walked home together, the Imp very tired, but oh, very, very happy!

The people had told his mother about it, and she was half reproachful and half amused, as she often was. "Perry Scott Stafford, how did you ever dare to do it?" she said.

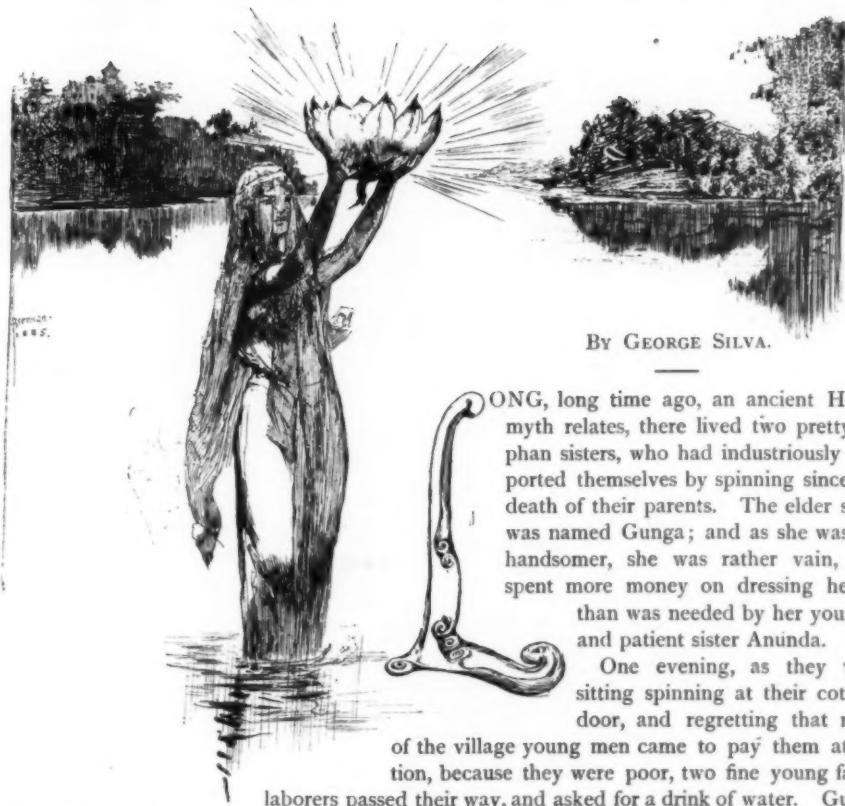
Before he could answer, the Tall Young Man in white flannels spoke for him. "Why, Mrs. Stafford, he is a public benefactor!" said this jolly young man. "It is entirely owing to the untiring zeal of the Imp, ladies and gentlemen," turning to the people generally, "that we have been enabled to enjoy this finely staged, beautifully interpreted melodrama. He shall have a vote of thanks. Three cheers for the Imp!"

And the Imp, terribly embarrassed at such public mention, endeavored to hide behind his polo-cap, and finally ran up the stairs, followed by the cheers and his mother.

On the landing stood Bell-boy No. 5. "Play good?" he inquired, as they passed.

The Imp turned a beaming face to his friend in uniform. "Oh, Jim!" he said, "the circus is n't in it with the theater!"

The Transmigration of ANUNDA.



BY GEORGE SILVA.

LONG, long time ago, an ancient Hindu myth relates, there lived two pretty orphan sisters, who had industriously supported themselves by spinning since the death of their parents. The elder sister was named Gunga; and as she was the handsomer, she was rather vain, and spent more money on dressing herself than was needed by her younger and patient sister Anunda.

One evening, as they were sitting spinning at their cottage door, and regretting that none of the village young men came to pay them attention, because they were poor, two fine young farm-laborers passed their way, and asked for a drink of water. Gunga

sat and talked to the young men, while Anunda fetched them some fresh milk in a *lota*, or cup.

The young fellows admired the girls very much, and told them they were traveling in search of work. Then the sisters told them the Rajah wanted gardeners for his orchard, on which the men replied: "If we obtain that employment through your kindness, we shall come a-courting you, for it is long since we have met maidens so beautiful and so kind."

The Rajah engaged them both; and as they were excellent gardeners, he soon gave them good wages, and then they lost no time in marrying the two pretty orphans.

But Gunga wasted her husband's wages in buying fine clothes for herself and for her baby, Rami, while Anunda saved all the money she could for the benefit of her husband and their baby, Sita.

After some years, when the two little girls were about five years old, Gunga's husband reproached his wife constantly, because by her extravagance he was still poor, while Anunda's husband had been able to purchase cows and goats with the money which she had saved.

Gunga could bear her husband's reproaches no longer. She became violently jealous of her sister, whom both the men praised, and at last she resolved to kill her. So one day, when the sisters were drawing water from the *talao*, or large deep tank, on the edge of which they bathed, Gunga pushed her sister into the deepest part, where she seemed to drown. But the

god Krishna changed her so that her soul went into the body of a large tortoise which lived in that tank, and every day, when the two children bathed there alone (for Gunga was afraid to bathe again in that tank), the old tortoise swam to little Sita, and gave her good things to eat, which made her very strong and plump.

Gunga asked her daughter : " What makes your cousin so plump, while you are so lean ?

they will kill me, and they will give Rami my flesh for food, and to you only a small bone. Take that bone and plant it in the yard, and visit the place for three days. Then you shall find me again in another form."

Everything happened as the tortoise foretold. She was killed and made into broth. The meat was eaten by Gunga and her child ; and a bone was given to Sita, who concealed it and



"THE OLD TORTOISE SWAM TO LITTLE SITA, AND GAVE HER GOOD THINGS TO EAT."

Do I not give her only the scraps, while you have always the best food, as much as you can eat ? "

Little Rami then told her mother about the tortoise which fed her cousin, and Gunga's anger was great. She told her daughter to feign sickness, and to ask her father (when he inquired about her health) to kill the big tortoise and to make soup for her of its flesh.

Sita heard, and ran in distress to the tank. Finding the tortoise, she cried : " Oh, mother, they will kill you to make food for my cousin ! "

" Never mind," said the tortoise. " I know

at night planted it in the garden. Next day she prayed and wept there ; and as her tears fell upon the ground, to her great astonishment a young mango-tree six feet high rose from the earth. On the second day the tree was twenty feet high ; and when the child prayed with her little arms round the stem, the green flowers opened on the branches. On the third day the tree was full grown, and as soon as Sita came to say her prayers under its shade, the fruit ripened, and the leaves rustled and whispered kind words to her from her mother.

Sita brought her basket and held it under the tree while the beautiful ripe fruit fell into it. Then she took the basketful to her aunt and cousin. Gunga then went to the tree; but no fruit fell into her basket, and when she sent a man to pick the mangos they all withered in his hands.

So the farmers told the women and children: "Let no one pick this fruit but Sita; for it is plain that the gods have given her this tree for herself."

There was never such a tree in the world. Every day in the year it furnished her with a large basket of ripe mangos, some of which she gave to the family, and the rest she sold.

Her father kept the money for her, and when the children grew to young maidens there were many offers of marriage for the pretty Sita, who was quite rich; but none for her cousin Rami.

This maddened Gunga, who got up, one night, and cut down the tree. Her husband was very angry, but as it could not be helped, there was nothing for it but to use the wood to feed the fire.

Sita managed to save one cluster of green leaves from the tree, and this she bound up with a beautiful bunch of flowers, and, sorrowing, cast it into the river as an offering to the god Krishna.

The god pitied her devotion, and as the flowers floated down the stream a voice called to her: "Return to-morrow." Now she knew that this was no mortal voice which spoke to her; so the next day she returned and cast another offering of flowers upon the stream; and before they touched the water, a hand rose out of the river and grasped them. When this disappeared Sita perceived a lotus-flower floating on the stream—such a flower as never was seen before, for it shone like the moon and sparkled as the stars.

The girl then knew that the gods had helped her again to recover her mother in another form; for when she entered the stream the glorious flower approached her and rested on her shoulder, where it spoke sweet, motherly words to her.

The fame of this flower went into all the country, and thousands came to see it; but no

one except Anunda's child could approach it, for when any one else tried to touch it, it closed its leaves and vanished under water. But Gunga was happy, because there were no more suitors for her niece, now that the mango-tree was dead.

At last the Prince heard of the wondrous flower, and came to the river to see it. He sent in his servant to pluck it—but in vain. The whole army went after it, but none of them could even touch the lotus. At last the Prince said: "I will make any man my vizir who can gather that enchanted flower; if a woman plucks it, I will give her a handsome dowry; and if a maiden brings it to me, I will make her my wife."

So Sita covered herself from head to foot in a veil, and walked up to her waist into the river. The flower immediately shone brighter than ever, and approached the girl in the water. When the soldiers saw it approaching, they rushed in to gather it; but it again receded, until the Prince ordered them to come out and to leave the veiled woman alone. In another minute the flower was in her hand, and she, still veiled, stepped out of the river and offered the lotus to the Prince.

He took the flower, and as he did so he raised her veil, exclaiming: "Here is a blossom still more beautiful than the enchanted lotus!"

Then he married the maiden, and they placed the flower in a golden vase on a bracket between their thrones, and there the flower bloomed all their happy lives.

Sita, the Princess, did not punish her cruel Aunt Gunga, because of her own affection for her uncle and for her little cousin; but she gave them a pension and sent them to live on a fertile island, so that Gunga should not come near to hurt her.

The Princess took good care of her father, and when her eldest son grew to be twenty years old, he piously performed the obsequies of the old man, who died at that time.

And if you look at the carved ivory thrones in the palaces of Travancore, you can see how the magic lotus is carved on them all, which shows that the wonderful story has been believed for many years in the land of Hindustan.

A Song for Summer



WHEN June has kissed the roses,
And summer breezes blow,
And daisies shine by the silver brook
That chatters down below,
Oh, merry, merry goes the day
When farmers carry, carry the hay!

When water-lilies blossom,
And the old mill-wheels stand still,
And all the little blue butterflies
Come dancing down the hill,
Oh, merry, merry goes the day
When farmers carry, carry the hay!



And Jock shall drive the horses,
 And Jenny toss the hay,
 And up and into the big west wind,
 And catch it as you may!
 Oh, merry, merry goes the day
 When farmers carry, carry the hay!
 And home again to sleeping,
 When bells of evening chime,
 And cheer with me for the last, last load,

And a happy summer-time!
 Oh, merry, merry goes the day
 When farmers carry, carry the hay!

Then through the sun and shadow
 And round the meadow run,
 Sun and shadow, 't is which you choose;
 But give to me the sun.
 Oh, merry, merry goes the day
 When farmers carry, carry the hay!

Eric Parker.

RHYMEINATE.*

BY J. C. C. PATTERSON.

WHAT do you think the sailor ate?
 Why, nothing more nor less than bait,
 Which some one left in an old crate
 Of very long-forgotten date.
 Then with his head and heart elate,
 He cried, "I mind not any fate,"
 And firmly walked out past the gate.
 But a Turkish Khan, with ardent hate,
 At this saying grew irate,
 And said, "He shall not jubilate
 While I am Khan of this Khanate;
 And though it now may be too late,
 On board my yacht I 'll make him mate;
 And should he there his lies narrate,
 Or to my crew try to orate,
 With a capstan-bar I 'll break his pate,
 And hang him up on a board quadrate;
 And then to my subjects I 'll relate,
 In an address on affairs of state,
 That this man had one serious trait,
 Which would tend to underrate
 The nation's honor, and make vibrate
 The lives of all, so I could n't wait
 So long as the life of a Xerobate
 To throw him down from the minaret yate,
 Or give him a dose of zirconate.

* The rhyming words begin with the letters of the alphabet, in their order.

THE JUNIOR CUP—AFTERWARD.

(In Six Chapters.)

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

THE training of Chester Fiske, at one time such a problem in his father's mind,—and not very long ago a matter of interest to readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*,—seemed at last to pursue a simple and regular course. There had been outcry at home when Mr. Fiske decided to send his son to boarding-school. But the father was not to be changed.

"Boarding-schools are not for every boy," he agreed. "For Chester, however, nothing else will do. He has made a fine stride toward manliness at the camp. I cannot have him slipping back. Anna," he said testily, to his sister's interruption, "do you suppose I am glad to part with the boy? And, besides," he said, "Mr. Holmes will still have his eye on him." For Mr. Holmes had become headmaster at the Stonefield school for boys. "It's a chance not to be lost," said Mr. Fiske, and sent his son away from his side, concealing, with the stoicism of a Roman, the self-denial which Chester did not appreciate until after years.

A year and a half in the school brought Chester to a position which some envied. It began to be whispered, "Chester is sure to be captain of the nine, next year." Wherever that was said, it was evident by the expression on the faces of the hearers that Chester was on the way to the highest position in the school.

Scholarship aside, that was true. And scholarship included, there was no glory in the eyes of the boys equal to that of captain of the nine. Chester himself longed for it, and worked for it, as the best ending of his school life, and as the best introduction for him at college. And what much helped him to it was his simple habit of life, which was essentially manly. At least, his digestion was good, and his lungs strong. Moreover, there lay nothing on his

conscience. To be manly one need not be a man. Chester aped no grown-up doings, had no manly talk, pretended to no worldly wisdom, and felt no wish to acquire the small bad habits which mark the lower rather than the higher side of man's estate.

Thus began Chester's third half-year, which was the third from the last. Returning from vacation, he unpacked his trunk, discarded his hat for a cap, and in the absence of his roommate (not yet arrived) set out to find old friends, make new ones, and to shuffle off as well as he might the homesickness which yet clung to him.

The familiar sights, the long corridors resounding, and the bustle of the new arrivals, made him at once himself. Old friends came and locked arms with him. They wandered to kitchen and library, school-room and gymnasium, for it was one of the two free afternoons in the term (the other being before departure) when there were no rules. They stood before the bulletin-board and read the old notices, amusing now with their reminders of the past. But while they stood there a big boy came and posted up the first notice of the new term. It was Stukeley, the captain of the nine.

"Hullo, Chester," he said; "here's something for you to read."

And Chester was pleased with the attention from his chief. The bulletin read: "Baseball practice begins next Monday afternoon in the gymnasium. Candidates report at four o'clock."

"Hey, Chester?" said a companion, and nudged him in the side. "Hey? You going to catch, this year?"

"Oh, go 'long," replied Chester. "Stukeley catches, of course. I'm lucky if I'm in the field."

"But next year, surely," said one of the boys. "And captain, too."

"Don't, Johnny," protested Chester, blushing suddenly. Chester still could blush.

A boy came by. "Mr. Holmes is looking for you, Chester."

"Where?" asked Chester.

"He was in the upper hall."

Chester hastened there. But Mr. Holmes had gone.

"Hard to find him," said a boy of experience. "I think he went to his study."

Chester went downstairs again. There he saw Mr. Holmes talking with a gentleman. The two went up the stairs together, Chester following slowly. A group of friends detained him. When he reached the upper hall once more Mr. Holmes was not to be seen.

"Oh," said a boy of whom he inquired, "he's gone with somebody's father, showing him the school." Chester knew that was a matter of more than a quarter-hour, and for the present gave up the chase. He went back to his own room, to see if his room-mate had come.

A trunk stood open by the bed. Shoes, neckties, underwear, and coats were on all horizontal surfaces, including the floor. The bureau-drawers were open, and a short, square, ruddy lad was cramming them full. Chester stood and watched him. The boy reached for a pile of underwear. "It takes so long to pack!" he said. "But I can unpack in ten minutes, arranging things afterward."

"A bad habit, Rawson," said Chester.

"Whoop!" cried his friend, and turning, thudded the whole pile of soft clothing into Chester's breast. "Here we are again!"

Such a greeting between old friends! Do boys ever do the same elsewhere? Do they rush into one another's arms, and, instead of embracing, wrestle? Do they punch heads, cry names such as "rascal" and "fellow," and crash shouting upon the groaning bed? If they do not, I am almost afraid to indicate what Chester and Rawson did, and so say nothing. Yet they were good friends, too, a proverb in the school.

So, drawing a veil upon their previous actions, we will picture the two gathering up the scattered clothes, and, with one purpose only,—that of haste,—stuffing them into the bureau.

"Oh," Rawson was saying, "I want to get into the corridor and see all the boys again."

"Is this," spoke a soft voice at the door, a woman's voice, "the room of Chester Fiske?"

A lady stood on the threshold—"the right kind," the boys saw at a glance; gentle, sweet, and lovable, but with a paleness in her cheek that meant ill health. The mother of one of the boys, they knew at once.

"Yes," she said when the boys turned; "you are Chester Fiske. I know your face."

"Won't you come in, madam?" Chester said, hospitably.

She came in hesitating. "I hope I don't interrupt, and yet I wish to speak to you. Oh, don't go," she cried, as Rawson moved to the door. "You are Rawson, are n't you? May I speak to you, too?"

"How does she know us?" both boys thought. Chester answered the question in his own way. "You knew my father, madam?"

"No," she answered; "I have seen you before." She hesitated to say where; she still remembered the pang when Chester destroyed one of her dearest hopes, and could not speak of it. "You know my son. He is coming here to school this term; and oh, I do hope that you will be friends."

"Why, yes," said Rawson, bold to promise; "I am sure we shall be friends."

She held a hand to each of the boys, and drew them to her. "I must leave him among strangers. I must go away on account of my health, and where I am going there is no school for him. So many times I have separated from him, and left him to himself. I am so glad you two are here; he used to know you both. You will help him, won't you?"

"What is his name?" both of the boys were wondering. But there was no hesitating. "Yes 'm," they said together, soberly, on account of her earnestness.

"He is a little headstrong," she said; "and he has n't had much care. I have been so sick at times, and he has no father. Oh, boys, I shall depend upon you—you and Mr. Holmes—to make him happy! He has faults. Dear boys, you will be patient with him, won't you?"

Wondering, they answered, "Yes," again.

"You never saw me before," she said. "But I hope you can like me." They could not

but like her. The touch of her hand, the look of her face, were enough for that. And her appeal to them touched all their chivalry.

"Oh, yes," they cried, "we do!"

"I hope you will like my boy. I feel better at leaving him, now I have seen you here. Good-by, dear boys. I thank you for your promise."

She pressed their hands warmly. "Good-by," she said once more, and left them.

Though they were alone in the room, they could not speak to each other. Neither had ever known a mother. Each thought: "If I had a mother like that!"

"Well," said Chester, at last, with an effort, "let's finish your unpacking and go along. Mr. Holmes wants to see me."

They finished it together in silence, each thinking of the lady, neglecting, in the thought of her, to wonder about her son. Presently they went out again into the corridors.

But Mr. Holmes was not to be found. Though Chester and Rawson searched first the upper and then the lower corridor, the school-rooms, and even the dining-hall, there was no Mr. Holmes to be seen. They finally came back to the bulletin-boards. Many of the boys were gathered there.

Of the upper class there was Stukeley again, to be noticed by whom was an honor to make a small boy pink; and Joe Taylor, the quiet scholar whom the boys called "Jeremy," and loved (though they did not know it) as much as Stukeley. He was a boy of unyielding principle, and his influence was so strong in the school that Mr. Holmes had made him head-monitor. And of the second class were several boys, all of whom, being diffident about speaking to the older boys, immediately swarmed upon Chester and Rawson with cries of welcome.

There were the vacation to be discussed and experiences at home to be compared; and news of the new term, notable among the items of which was the fact that Otto Beech was not coming back, and that there was a new boy in his place, going to room with Ben Farley. A Second Class boy, therefore. And he had stunning things, nothing less than a gold watch, and lots of books, and a baseball outfit not to

be beat. And Walter Rogers was back with a black eye, which the boys were sure he got in a fight, because Walter hinted that he hit himself on the corner of a bookcase.

Then Stukeley pushed into the group, and said a word to Rawson. And he laid his hand on Chester's shoulder, and said: "I mean to coach you a lot this spring." Chester could scarcely find words to thank him. And while Rawson was nudging the nearest boy, both as pleased as Chester was himself, there was a stir at the door, and a great voice, recognized by all as belonging to Ben Farley, roared through the hall: "New boy!" All turned and looked.

There was the new boy, sure enough, well dressed, handsome, and not quite at home. In fact, his manner was nervous. He felt the cruelty of Ben Farley's introduction, and as a dozen pairs of eyes were suddenly fixed on him, he wished himself away. But a boy can't run. Though flushing, he stood resolutely. Then, as Stukeley turned to look, the whole group shifted position, and Chester and the new boy came face to face.

The new boy was expecting the meeting; he waited. Chester was surprised, and needed a moment to gather his wits. After nearly two years he recognized the other, remembering the circumstances of their last meeting. And though he did not consider it just then, this time the positions were reversed: Chester was the old boy, Marshall was the new. For it was Marshall Moore.

A moment they stood so, just long enough for the other boys to see the recognition. Then came another bellow from Ben Farley: "Oh, Marshall, your mother wants you!" And Marshall turned and went away.

Chester looked at Rawson. The other boys crowded around. Even Stukeley forgot his dignity, and pushed in with the rest.

"Do you know him, Chester?" he demanded. "Do you know him, Rawson?"

Rawson returned Chester's look. "Why, yes," he answered, not looking at Stukeley; "we know him."

"Yes," said Chester; "we know him."

"Who is he?" asked Stukeley. And the boys cried: "Where did you know him?"

"What is his name?" "Tell us about him!"

Rawson and Chester still looked at each other. The remembrance of the summer at the camp, the echoes of old animosities and injuries, rose in the minds of both and sparkled in their eyes. Recollections came crowding. "We can be even with him now," thought both the boys. They forgot for a moment that they had been even with him then. Chester made ready to speak words to express his feelings. He forgot that so much time had passed, that he had the power to spoil completely Marshall's life at school.

"His name is Marshall Moore," he said. "He is a boy I never—"

"Could trust," he was about to say. But a voice, a little hurried, interrupted, and there stood Mr. Holmes.

"Chester," he said, "I wish to speak to you at once."

Mr. Holmes usually persuaded, but when he chose he could command. There was an emphasis on the "at once" that stopped Chester's voice like a hand on his mouth. He turned to obey. "You, too, Rawson," added Mr. Holmes, and Rawson followed without a word.

When Chester thought of that moment afterward, he could never be sufficiently thankful for the instant of time that saved him.

Mr. Holmes led the way to his study, a room with all his athletic trophies, beautifully furnished, loved by the boys. Chester and Rawson followed, a little interested in what was to come, but more taken up with their discovery. Marshall Moore at the school! They did not speak as they kept close behind Mr. Holmes, but their glances showed their feelings. Marshall was at their mercy, and they knew it. The knowledge came suddenly, too suddenly for any but one feeling to show itself—the old-time desire for revenge.

No; Chester and Rawson were not thoroughly manly yet.

Mr. Holmes let them into the study and shut the door. The boys were upon him at once. "Oh, Mr. Holmes!" they cried together.

"Well?" he asked.

"Marshall Moore is at the school!"

"Yes," he responded, "I know it. It is about him that I wish to speak with you."

The boys were taken aback. Mr. Holmes

was calm and reflective; they saw no gleam of exultation in his eye. In reality, he was thinking how best to open his subject. The boys' glances wandered to each other, to the floor, then out of the window. There they saw a sight that roused them.

The lady, she who had come to their room, was going away. Her carriage stood at the roadside, waiting; she was talking with a boy, her son. They saw her lips move as she spoke to the boy, whose back was toward them. By the same impulse both boys had moved nearer the window in order to see better. Mr. Holmes waited.

They saw her lovely, earnest face; could remember the kindly tones of her voice, and almost heard them in imagination. Her sweet eyes were on her son; they could see her lips tremble, and read her emotion. The same thought came to both the boys: "Oh, to be loved like that!" Forgetful of manners, they watched her take farewell, kiss her boy, turn at the carriage-door for a last look, then she was gone.

The carriage whirled her away, and they with her son stood gazing after. Then the boy turned to come into the school, and they looked at him.

It was Marshall!

He looked up, and saw Chester and Rawson looking down; frowned, and passed out of sight. Both boys felt as if every idea were gone.

"She is *his* mother!" exclaimed Chester, after a moment's silence.

They forgot Mr. Holmes, forgot everything else, and looked at each other amazed at the discovery.

"Yes," said Mr. Holmes, presently; "she is his mother. How did you know? Have you spoken to her?"

"Why, she came to our room," explained Rawson.

"And she asked us to promise to be good to her boy," said Chester. "We did n't know who he was."

"Now that you know," asked Mr. Holmes, "will you keep your promise?" They hesitated. "Wait," said the master; "you need not decide until I have said my say."

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a fire glowing in the grate. Mr. Holmes moved his chair to the hearth.

"Draw up, boys," he said.

They seated themselves before the coals, and waited for the master to speak.

Mr. Holmes studied the fire for a little while, then raised his eyes to their faces, commanded their attention by the thoughtfulness of his glance, and began:

"I have n't a word to say, Chester," he said, "in defense of the things that Marshall did to you that summer at the camp. Not a word. They were mean; they were unfair. But I wish to tell you boys the story of Marshall's life, as he does not know it himself, and see if you cannot find in your hearts some pity for him.

"Marshall has never had a home. I know that you, Rawson, have not, either. But things have gone worse with Marshall than with you. His father died when he was young, his mother has always been ill, and Marshall has been to school after school, in Europe, England, and America, never two years in the same place, never two years under the same influences. What he needed he never had—a firm hand over him. You have had your father, Chester; and your guardian, Rawson, has loved you always. But from the time when he was five years old Marshall has never had restraint, and the result, as is natural, has been very bad for him.

"If you can imagine what it is to be always among strangers, you will have some idea of Marshall's life. You don't know it, Rawson, though you may think you do. You have the faculty of making friends. Marshall has never yet been truly happy except with his mother; and she, on account of her health, has always had to live among the mountains, where there have not been good schools for Marshall's education.

"The result has been bad. I once believed it was impossible to reform him. But he has had a deep experience in the desperate illness from which his mother has just recovered. He has promised—not carelessly, boys. I have

undertaken to help him. Yet I can do very little unless you help me."

For Mr. Holmes knew that in a boarding-school the masters, while their influence was strong, could not reach a boy as his schoolmates could; could never exercise over him the same constant influence; could not stand at his elbow in every temptation of his life. The boys must help him.

"I speak to you frankly," he said. "His mother is anxious about him. He was expelled from his last school. You are never to say this of him, remember." The boys felt that they would rather die than tell. "And we must, *must*, *MUST* help him here and now, or I shall have the greatest disappointment I have had in my life."

He rose and walked about. The boys sat silent; they did not dare look at each other. Mr. Holmes came back and stood by his chair.

"In taking Marshall into the school," he said, "I deliberately ran a risk. You two know him, and have cause to dislike him. But I believed I could depend upon you. I trust in your generosity; I am not afraid to appeal to it. You are in a position to spoil, by a word, every chance that Marshall has of succeeding here at school. I beg of you not to speak."

The hair twitched on Chester's head. He had almost said the word! On Rawson's face was something as near fright as ever appeared there.

"And if you can help me," concluded Mr. Holmes, "I shall be greatly obliged."

Chester found his voice. "Oh, Mr. Holmes," he cried, "we will help you all we can!" And Rawson repeated similar words.

"Thank you, boys," said the master. He spoke a few words of courage and energy, and then dismissed them. They left with a sense of having promised solemnly. They felt, also, a confidence inspired by Mr. Holmes, and when presently they met the First Class boys again, Chester spoke to them with a boldness he really felt.

"That new boy," he said, "I hope you 'll like. And," he added, "he used to be a first-rate ball-player."

But when they were together in their room,

the enthusiasm having passed, they looked at each other in doubt. They knew how hard it was for a boy to reform.

And Marshall knew it, too. Had n't he tried? Had n't he, in school after school, made fresh beginning after fresh beginning, only to fail? Sometimes the circumstances of his wandering life had led him away from true friends and a good start. He had been discouraged. Even now he was on the verge of recklessness. To be good meant hard work. To have a good time was easy; and oh, he did enjoy a good time!

The influence of his mother was strong upon him, but as Marshall faced the school, thinking that of all its boys he knew but two, and that those were two he might fairly count his enemies, he recognized the odds against him. He knew how slight, in certain ways, was the protection of the head-master. He knew how strong a prejudice could be excited against him by the word of one influential boy. That Chester had an influence he could well believe. It took all his courage to go to the school and face Chester again. Knowing what his own feelings would be in Chester's place, he could not expect forgiveness. He went to please his mother, but he counted upon the worst experience of his life.

"I 'll stand it as long as I can," he said to himself, at last. "Then I 'll get out."

He went to his room. A lean, tall boy detained him. "My name is Joe Taylor. 'Jeremy,' they call me. I 've heard of you from Chester Fiske. My room is near yours. If I can do anything for you, let me know."

Marshall stammered in surprise. The lean student left him as another boy approached.

"I 'm Stukeley, the baseball captain," said this one. "Chester Fiske says you can play good ball. You must try for the nine. Practice begins on Monday."

Marshall could scarcely believe his ears. "They are fooling me," he thought.

But Chester himself met him next, and held out his hand. He was evidently hurrying somewhere on an errand, but paused to say cordially, "Glad to see you, Marshall."

Marshall was amazed at Chester's kind tone. He sooner would have expected a blow.

He went to his room. There was Ben Farley, lying on his back on the window-seat, playing on his harmonica. He nodded, but did not cease playing. Marshall sat down. He was sensitive to music; his room-mate was a skilful player. Ben drew from the harmonica strains as from a violin; he looked up into the corners of the ceiling dreamily, for Ben was an artist, and wandering chords breathed softly from his mouth. He looked like a cherub; Marshall, for a moment, felt like one. Marshall had received the pleasantest sensation of years. Chester meant to be good to him. He began to feel confidence in himself.

But presently Ben took the organ from his mouth, and sat up. He still looked like a cherub, plump and cheerful.

"So," he remarked, "you and Chester Fiske are ancient enemies."

"What!" cried Marshall. The blow in the face had come.

He did not think Ben was guessing—romancing, rather. Ben was fond of twisting the truth into extravagances. This time he had stumbled on an unsuspected reality. Marshall was shrewd, but his astonishment carried him away. He missed Ben's momentary look of surprise, then his delight. He saw only the mask that concealed them—innocence again.

"Why, yes," said Ben. "Some trouble you two had once. What was it, anyway?"

"Why, he—he—" cried Marshall. He realized, in spite of sudden anger, that he had no accusation to make against Chester. "Nothing," he ended sullenly. "If Chester wants to talk, let him. I 've nothing to say."

Ben's discovery lacked completeness. "Oh, well," he said, feeling his way, "he did n't say much—just hinted round. Rather mean of him, I think. Now, if you 'd speak up and tell your side, we could confute him."

"Confute!" said Marshall, bitterly. "I 've nothing to confute."

Ben sprang up and struck an attitude. "I see," he said; "there is some mystery here." He paced the floor, frowning and nodding, then came and put a hand on Marshall's shoulder. "Never mind," he said. "Cheer up, my boy. Are we not room-mates? Rely upon me. I will stand or fall with you!"

"Thank you," said Marshall, dejectedly. His mood was dark again, and his perceptions dulled. Had he been himself, he would have perceived Ben's theoric gestures and phrases, and have recognized the actor in the boy. Ben's artistic blood led him to constant mummery; he was always pretending, even to himself. But Marshall did not see.

"Ha!" said Ben, pausing. "What's that? Hist!"

"Nothing," answered Marshall.

"I cannot be mistaken," said Ben. "Listen!"

Marshall listened. There were noises in the corridor—the sound of tiptoeing feet, whisperings, gigglings, and a suppressed cough. Ben sped to the door and put a shoulder against it. He turned to Marshall a face as white as at impending danger. "Fly!" he whispered.

Marshall rose, puzzled. "What is it?"

"The Third Class!" answered Ben, horrorstricken. "When a new boy comes, if the class next below can catch him before he can put his hand on the chapel-knocker for sanctuary, they can claim a treat all round, or make him sing a song at supper. They've come"—he paused and gasped—"for you. There is no escape."

"The chapel-knocker?" asked Marshall. The chapel was at the very end of the long row of buildings. He looked out. The window was some distance from the frozen ground, but he opened it. "Let them come in," he said.

Ben stepped away from the door. A moment, and the handle turned slowly; then the door opened quickly. A dozen boys, members of the Third Class, were clustered at the threshold.

"Boys," cried Ben, in earnest sadness, "I beg of you—"

"Oh, shut up, Ben," said they.

Marshall sat quietly on one of the window-seats. "You want me?" he asked.

"It's the custom of the school," began the leader. But Marshall slipped out of the window on to the broad gutter. The house had a French roof; on the window-ledge a boy could walk with safety. The boys made a rush after him. Then, as Marshall started for the next window, it opened, and grinning heads ap-

peared. Boys were before and behind; he was trapped.

He was in no mood to yield. He looked at the roof above him, but the sloping sides were so steep he could not climb to it. He looked down and saw a spout descending. The boys, clambering after him, were close at hand. He sat down near the spout, grasped the gutter, and swung himself into space.

The boys cried out in alarm. Marshall did not heed. It was easy to hang with one hand for an instant, seize the spout, and lower himself upon it. The spout was stout and bore him. He climbed down it quickly, while the boys, with craning necks and bated breath, watched him from above. He reached the ground, cast no glance behind, and walked deliberately to the chapel. There he touched the knocker and turned back. A group of the First Class boys met him.

"Where did you learn to do that?" they asked him.

"On board ship," he answered, and turned away from them. He was not in a sociable frame of mind, and seeing before him the sunset and a quiet path, he pulled his cap from his pocket, set it on his head, and walked away by himself, leaving groups of the boys looking after him.

Among them Ben Farley craned his neck from the window with a curiosity greater than the rest. Curiosity was, in fact, Ben's special weakness. He had an overwhelming desire to pry into private affairs, and when he had discovered a mystery he was keen in studying it out. To this particular employment Ben brought an amount of industry that would better have been employed in other matters. The very hint of something concealed would make him fidget for days in the endeavor to find it out, as boys knew who wished to tease him. Just now he found himself on the scent of a real mystery, something of importance to Marshall, and all his faculties were awake with the desire to master the secret. He could not rest until he saw Chester Fiske, and at once seeking him out, watched an opportunity and drew him aside.

"Did you see Marshall climb down the spout?" he asked. "Did n't he do it well?"

"I did n't see him," answered Chester. "It

was a hard thing to do, but he always was a good athlete."

"Kind of an all-round athlete?" asked Ben. "Good in everything, was n't he?"

"Indeed he was," agreed Chester, and smiled at his recollections. "He gave me enough trouble once."

Ben's heart beat faster, but he inquired carelessly, "How was that?"

"Why," explained Chester, "it was at a camp where we were, a summer camp. We had sports, competing for a cup, and it was about as close between Marshall and me as it well could be."

"Who won?" asked Ben, promptly—too promptly, for Chester looked at him and began to smile. Here was a chance to tease Ben.

"We both won," he said. "Therefore the Cup was given to number three."

"Oh, go on," retorted Ben. "You can't fool me. Who won, Chester?"

"Suppose I should say, Ben," answered Chester, who began to feel that perhaps it was like boasting to speak more of the Cup, and so still put Ben off, "that neither won, and so everybody scrambled for it, and it was smashed?" He started to turn away.

"But see here," persisted Ben, detaining him, "whoever won, you and Marshall were n't on very good terms, were you?"

Chester was surprised. He turned and looked Ben over, as he asked: "He has n't said so, has he?"

"I understood him so," replied Ben.

"Well," said Chester, as he began to move away, "we were n't exactly intimate, but I hope he has nothing against me. I have nothing against him."

But Ben saw Chester was very serious, and his desire to know increased. There was something between the two; there must be quite a story to it. Perhaps he could work some more information out of Marshall by means of what he had gained from Chester. He went back to his room, restless with the desire to know.

The March evening closed in. From his lonely walk, where every thought was bitter, where homesickness began to oppress him, Marshall was called back to the school by the ringing of the bell for roll-call. He went with

the others to the great school-room, answered to his name, and took the seat assigned to him. He saw that many boys, big and little, looked at him with interest, pointing him out to one another. He was a new boy; he had performed an astonishing feat. But Marshall thought only of Chester Fiske, and what he might have said.

The assignments of classes were given out, various notices were read, and then the boys were called to supper. His neighbors at table tried to scrape acquaintance with him. He was unresponsive.

"They just want," he thought, "to see what I'll say."

The evening was to be spent in putting the rooms in order. Now, not only Marshall himself had acquired celebrity, but, thanks to Ben, his baseball equipment as well. During the evening his room had attracted many visitors. Boys came in to see Marshall, and to handle his things. He received them without cordiality, almost indifferently, and with few words. Some of the boys, admiring his mask, his varied gloves, his bats, asked leave to use them—sometimes. "You may use them whenever you please," he answered listlessly. They thought him a silent fellow, but that served only to interest them in him the more. He was strong, as they knew; he was handsome, with the evidence in his face of energy and repression. Marshall had had so many experiences in his life that they had marked his features with the evidence of force and self-reliance. Eyes that were searching, a line between the brows, and a mouth that shut tight, detracted somewhat from his good looks, but they added largely to the interest of his face. Therefore the boys felt the wish to know him better. But the very signs of his strength made them hesitate to be familiar, and checked at the outset the progress of acquaintance.

After a while Marshall was left alone with Ben, and Ben began again on his inquiry, backward, as caution bade him.

"Marshall," he said, "I was talking with Chester just before supper, and he said that at that summer camp—where was it, anyway?"

A flush of anger came on Marshall's face. The whole school, presently, would know the story. He rose abruptly from his seat.

"Ben," he said, "let's not speak of this again."

"But—!" hesitated Ben, in disappointment.

"I mean what I say," stated Marshall, and so sternly that Ben was silent.

He looked furtively at Marshall where he stood by the mantel, and the depth of his room-mate's emotion only pricked his curiosity the more. He called patience to his aid, and resolved to wait; but some day or other, he said to himself, the secret should be his. Meanwhile in the corridor footsteps were again heard, and Marshall's dying flush revived as he said to himself with irritation, "More visitors?" In answer Chester and Rawson appeared in the doorway.

Marshall's aspect did not encourage them to enter, as he stood without a word. But Ben sprang up at once, and cried: "Come in!" This would be fun for him; it was just what he wanted. Chester and Rawson entered.

"Well, Marshall," said Chester, cheerfully, "so you've come to Stonefield."

"Yes," answered Marshall, shortly.

He stood without budging, his hands behind his back, and neither welcomed them nor invited them in.

Chester felt the inhospitality, but went on.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I came to say that if I can help you—"

"You'll be quite willing to?" interrupted Marshall.

There was a sneer in his voice that surprised Chester. The difference in Marshall, moreover, from what he had been two years before was making itself felt. It was the same face, but stronger and less handsome; the same voice, but more abrupt and resolute. There showed an increase of strength in Marshall's character, but whether for good or ill was not quite plain. The question seemed strange, and Chester answered, puzzled: "Why, yes."

"You've been helping me already," acknowledged Marshall, briefly. "I'm much obliged."

"Indeed?" inquired Chester, blankly.

Suddenly Marshall pointed to the door. "And you can help me all you please," he said, "on the other side of that sill. Chester, I'll get along without you in the school."

"Marshall!" cried Chester, astonished.

"You, too, Rawson," added Marshall.

Chester struggled with his anger. Rawson took him by the arm. "Come along, Chester," he said, and led him out of the room.

With grim satisfaction Marshall watched the two boys as they departed in silence.

(To be continued.)





MAURICE CLIFFORD

A MER-BOY was practising some fish scales on a shell,
While the spider-crab, assisting, declared he did quite well;
But three pouting booby fish who chanced to swim that way
Made such funny mouths at him, the mer-boy could n't play.

MORAL.

Let every little booby fish, for fear lest he 'll annoy,
Refrain from making faces at a mer or other boy.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

SAID little Morning Glory,
"I 'm sure I see a string!
I wonder where 't will lead me
If I should climb and cling.
I cannot see its ending,
But I can reach the top,
I 'm sure, if I keep climbing
And never tire or stop!"

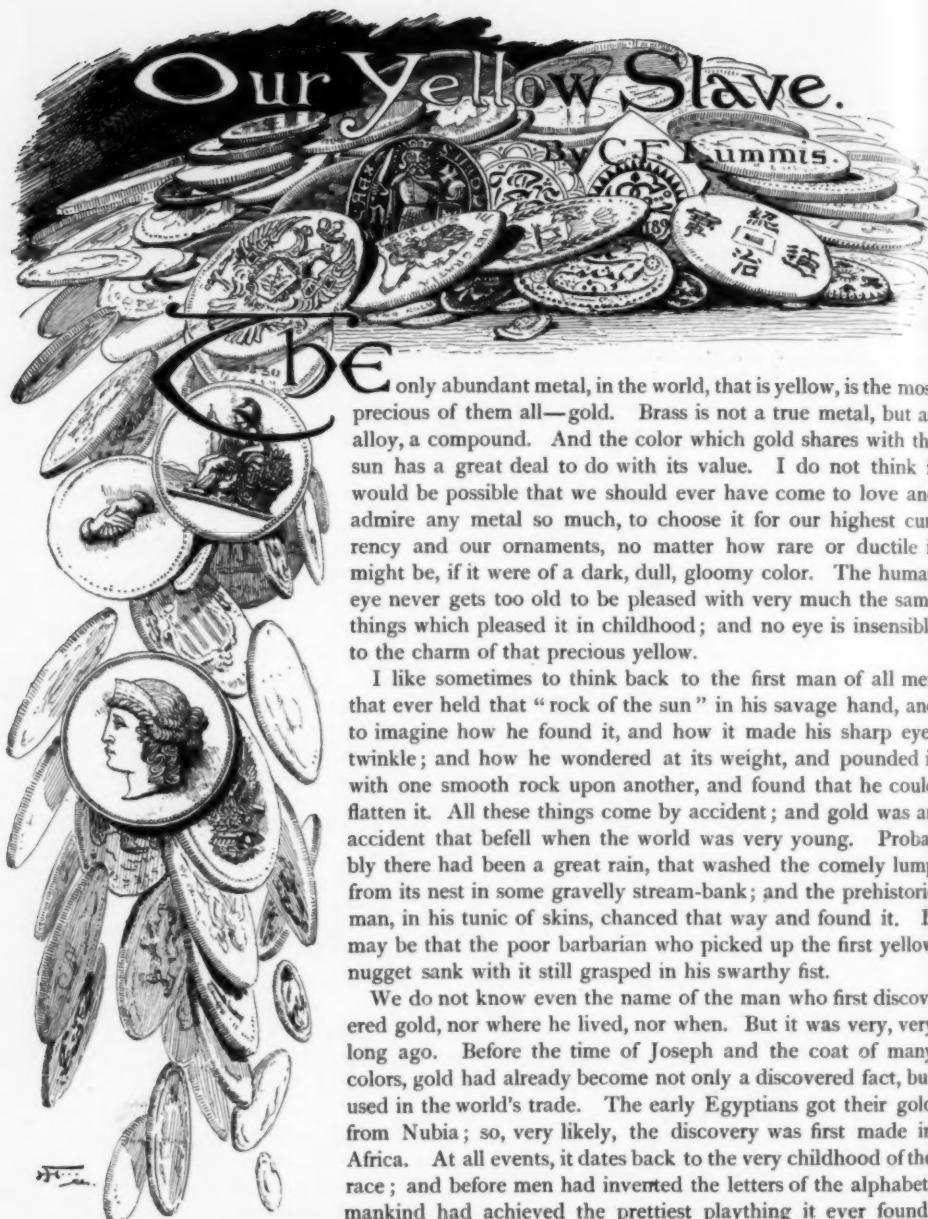
Said Morning Glory's brother,
"You foolish little thing,
To risk your life by trusting
To such a slender string!
You 'd better come with me, dear,
And twine around this jar;
You 'll not get tired and dizzy
If down so low you are.

"T is better far and safer
Than climbing up so high;
You 'll never reach the top, Meg,
No matter how you try!"

But little Morning Glory
Just shook her dainty head
At such advice, and bravely
Climbed up the string, instead.

Up, up she went, till, presto!
She reached a shining nail,
And twined all round about it.
So, when there came a gale,
She weathered it quite safely,
As back and forth she swayed,
Unharmed by all the tumult,
And not at all afraid.

Alack! Her timid brother
Lay prone upon the ground
Beside the jar so slippery
That he had twined around!
"I see," he moaned, "'t is wisest
To start out with a zest,
E'en though the task looks dangerous,
And always do one's best!"



DE

Only abundant metal, in the world, that is yellow, is the most precious of them all—gold. Brass is not a true metal, but an alloy, a compound. And the color which gold shares with the sun has a great deal to do with its value. I do not think it would be possible that we should ever have come to love and admire any metal so much, to choose it for our highest currency and our ornaments, no matter how rare or ductile it might be, if it were of a dark, dull, gloomy color. The human eye never gets too old to be pleased with very much the same things which pleased it in childhood; and no eye is insensible to the charm of that precious yellow.

I like sometimes to think back to the first man of all men that ever held that "rock of the sun" in his savage hand, and to imagine how he found it, and how it made his sharp eyes twinkle; and how he wondered at its weight, and pounded it with one smooth rock upon another, and found that he could flatten it. All these things come by accident; and gold was an accident that befell when the world was very young. Probably there had been a great rain, that washed the comely lump from its nest in some gravelly stream-bank; and the prehistoric man, in his tunic of skins, chanced that way and found it. It may be that the poor barbarian who picked up the first yellow nugget sank with it still grasped in his swarthy fist.

We do not know even the name of the man who first discovered gold, nor where he lived, nor when. But it was very, very long ago. Before the time of Joseph and the coat of many colors, gold had already become not only a discovered fact, but used in the world's trade. The early Egyptians got their gold from Nubia; so, very likely, the discovery was first made in Africa. At all events, it dates back to the very childhood of the race; and before men had inverted the letters of the alphabet, mankind had achieved the prettiest plaything it ever found.

In the very first chapter of the first and noblest of poems, Homer tells of the priest who came with a golden scepter to the camp of the Greeks before Troy, to buy his daughter free; and the sunny metal figures everywhere in the oldest mythology we know. You all have read—and I

hope in Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," where the story is more beautifully told than it was ever elsewhere—of Jason and the Argonauts, and of how they sailed to find the Golden Fleece. That was a fabulous ram-skin whose locks were of pure gold. No wonder the deadly dragon in the dark groves of the Colchian king guarded it so jealously. Of course the myth is only a poetic way—such as stories generally assume in the folk-lore of an undeveloped race—of saying that Jason and his bold fellow-sailors of the "Argo" sailed to the gold-mines of Asia, and found them. The mines whose fabled richness tempted them to that adventurous voyage in their overgrown row-boat of fifty oars, were in the Caucasus Mountains, and produced a great deal of the gold which was used by the ancients. They were doubtless among the first gold-mines in the world, and their product gilded the splendor of many of the first great monarchs of history. As late as 1875, an attempt was made by Europeans to work these mines; but nothing came of it.

"Rich as Croesus" has been for more than two thousand years a proverb which is not yet supplanted; and that last king of Lydia—and richest king of old time, according to the ancient myths—got his wealth from placer-mines in the river Pactolus, whose name has become as synonymous with gold as Croesus's own. One of the strangest and wisest of the folk-stories of ancient Greece tells how that little river in Asia Minor first gained its golden sands. This legend relates that there was a certain king of Phrygia who had more gold than Croesus ever dreamed of—so much gold that it made him the poorest man in the world! It was King Midas, son of Gordius, who earned this strange distinction. He had done a favor to Dionysus, and the god said gratefully: "Wish one wish, whatever thou wilt, and I will grant it." Now Midas had already caught the most dangerous of all "yellow fevers,"—the fever for gold,—and he replied: "Then let it be that all things which I shall touch shall be turned into gold."

Dionysus promptly granted this foolish prayer, and Midas was very happy for a little. He picked up stones from the ground, and

instantly they changed to great lumps of gold. His staff was gold, and his very clothing became yellow, and so heavy that he could barely stagger under its weight. This was very fine indeed! He touched the corner of his palace, and lo! the great building became a house of pure gold. Splendid! He entered, and touched what took his fancy, and furniture, and clothing, and all underwent the same magic change. Better and better! "I'm the luckiest king alive!" chuckled Midas, still looking about for something new to transmute.

But even kings who have the golden touch must sometimes eat; and presently Midas grew hungry with so much wealth-making. He clapped his hands, and the servants spread the royal table. A touch of the royal finger, and table and cloth and dishes were yellow gold. This was something like! The exhilarated king sat down, and broke a piece of bread; but, as he lifted it, it was strangely heavy, and he saw that it, too, was of the precious metal! A doubt ran through his foolish head whether even the golden touch might not have its drawbacks; but he was very hungry, and did not wait to weigh the question. If his fingers turned the bread to gold, he would take something from a spoon; and he lifted a ladle of broth to his mouth. But the instant it touched his lips, the broth turned to a great yellow button, which dropped ringing back upon the golden board.

The disquieted king rose and walked out of the palace. At the door he met his fair-faced little daughter, who held up a bright flower to him. Midas laid his hand gently upon her head,—for he loved the child, foolish as he was,—and lo! his daughter stood motionless before him—a pitiful little statue of shining gold!

How much longer this accursed power tormented the miserable monarch, the myth does not tell us; but he was cured at last by bathing in the river Pactolus, and the washing away of his magic power filled the sands of the stream with golden grains.

Though the old fable is no longer believed, the truth taught by it remains. The Midases are not dead yet; for the one of ancient fable there are to-day thousands at whose very touch all turns to gold. Their food does

not change to metal between their lips; but often it might as well, for all the joy they have of it.

Gold figures largely through all the quaint history-fables of the ancients; and history itself is full of tales hardly less remarkable. The early history of America was *made* by gold; or rather by golden hopes, which achieved wonders for civilization, but very little for the pockets of the most wonderful explorers the world has ever seen. Had it not been for the presence of gold here,—and the supposed presence of infinitely more than has yet been dug,—the western hemisphere would be very much of a wilderness still. It was the chase of golden myths which led to the astounding achievements that opened the New World; and since then, almost to this day, civilization has followed with deliberate march only in the hasty footprints of the gold-seekers. No tale was too wild to find credence with the early adventurers. In South America the most striking myth was that of *El Dorado*, "The Gilded Man"—a living person who was declared to be plated with pure gold! The anxiety of the credulous world-finders to reach a country so rich as must be that of *El Dorado*, cost uncounted thousands of gallant lives. In Mexico there were myths almost as impossible; and I am sorry to say that equally silly myths find unnumbered victims in our own country still. The fabled ransom of Montezuma is *all* a fable; but it is probably a fact that Atahualpa, the Inca of Peru, did pay to that marvelous soldier Pizarro a ransom of golden vessels sufficient to fill a room twenty-two by seventeen feet to a height of nine feet above the floor! It is certain that the captive Inca offered that stupendous price to buy himself free, and that the offer was conditionally accepted; but whether he had paid the ransom before his treachery in having his brother Inca assassinated led to his own execution, we are not fully assured.

There is no doubt, however, that while gold was not in use in Mexico, there was a great deal of it employed in Peru, chiefly for sacred utensils and idols, and that some of the conquerors amassed vast wealth there. The early Spanish discoveries of gold in North

America were unimportant, despite the gilded myths which have surrounded them. In Columbus's time, the gold-fields of the known world were so "worked out" that their product was barely enough to meet the "wear and tear" of the precious metal; so there was crying need of new finds. But they came slowly.

By 1580 there were vague rumors of gold in what is now California. Loyola Cavello, the priest of San José, saw "placer" gold there, and tells of it in his book written in 1690. In the next century, Antonio Alcedo speaks of lumps of California gold weighing from five to eight pounds. But though its presence was known, and though the rocky ribs of the Golden State hid many more millions than were dreamed of,—and perhaps than are dreamed of yet,—there was little mining, and that little with scant success.

The first gold discovery in the American colonies was in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, in 1799; and up to 1827 that State was the only gold-producer in the Union. In 1824 Cabarrus County sent the first American gold to the mint in Philadelphia. The Appalachian gold-field, which embraces part of Virginia, and stretches across North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, touching also parts of Tennessee and Alabama, was once looked to for great things; but it long ago ceased to be of any importance.

In 1828 the New Placers were discovered in New Mexico, some fifty miles south of Santa Fé, and for a great many years produced richly. Even to this day they are far from unproductive. Gold had been found in New Mexico a great many generations before, but never in quantities to come anywhere near paying. Ten years later, placer gold was discovered in Santa Barbara County, California, on the vast rancho of that gallant old hidalgo whose home was described by Mrs. Jackson as the home of "Ramona." These placers have been worked steadily, though clumsily, by Mexicans ever since; and I have a nugget which was washed out on Piru Creek in 1838.

Until within half a century, the world's supply of gold had long been inadequate for the growing demand. Russia was the chief producer, and her mines—discovered about 1745

—kept the nations from a “gold famine” that would have been most disastrous. There were old mines in China, but little worked; and, though Japan’s gold output was large, it was but a drop in the bucket of the world’s need. Russia at present, by the way, produces an average of twenty millions of dollars’ worth of gold a year.

The wonderful gold-fields of Australia were discovered in 1839 by Count Strzelecki; but the priceless find was concealed, for a curious reason. Australia was already England’s outdoor prison; and it was feared that if the golden news were known, the forty-five thousand desperate convicts there would rise in rebellion and annihilate their keepers, as they could easily have done. So, for a dozen years, the mighty secret was jealously guarded; and thousands walked unsuspecting over the dumb gravel that held a million fortunes. In 1841 a clergyman again stumbled upon the dangerous secret; but again the discovery was suppressed; and it was not until California had set the whole world on fire with an excitement which nothing could bottle up, that Australia threw off her politic mask. In 1851, E. H. Hargraves, who had just come from the new mines of California, saw that Australia was, geologically, a gold country; and his “prospecting” proved his surmises to be correct. The news spread in spite of the efforts of cautious officials, and a wild epidemic of fortune-seekers soon pitted the broad face of the great island-continent with “diggings.”

The rich gold-fields of New Zealand were first found in 1842; but were not extensively worked until 1856, when the swarming gold-hunters had overrun the Australian fields, and the restless sought still easier wealth.

As I have told you, gold was mined at odd times in California much more than two centuries ago; and steadily mined for more than a decade before the “great discovery” which was to change the face of a whole nation, and bring about what was in many ways the most remarkable migration in the whole history of the human race. But these early diggings of the precious metal made little stir. The swarthy miners delved away quietly, exchanged the glittering gold “dust” for rough food and other rude necessities, making no noise about it. They were very

much out of the world. The telegraph, the railroad, and the printing-press were far from touch with them. There were a few Americans in California, and even one or two newspapers; but neither paid attention to the occasional rumors of gold, save to ridicule them.

But on the ninth day of February, 1848, a little girl held in her unknowing hand the key of the West—the wee, yellow seed which was to spring into one of the most wondrous plants in history. On the American Fork of the Sacramento River, in what is now El Dorado County, California, stood a shabby little mill, owned by an American named Sutter (the Californians, by the way, pronounce the name “soo-ter”). The mill-race became broken, and three



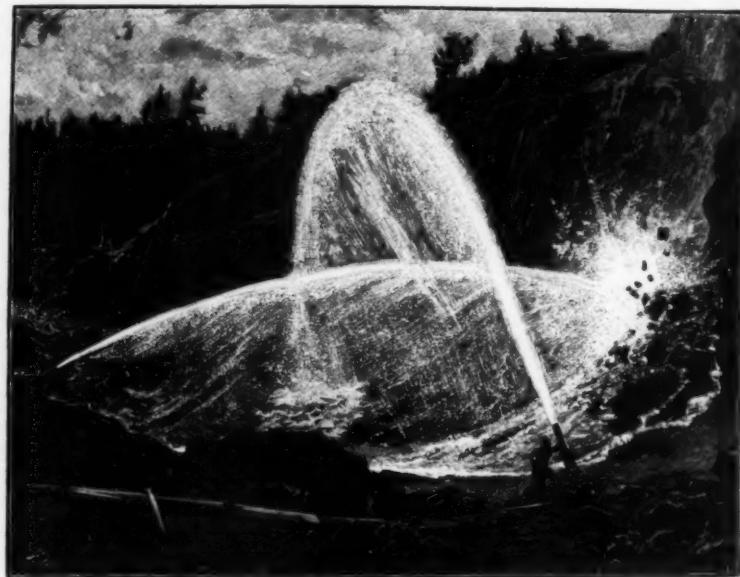
THE “CRADLE” USED BY MINERS IN WASHING OUT GOLD.

men were hired to repair it. Two were Mormons, and the third was the overseer, named Marshall. As the men worked, Marshall's little daughter played about them — dreaming as little as did her elders that she was to upset a continent. A yellow pebble in an angle of the sluice caught her eye; and picking the pretty trifle from the wet sand, she ran to her father with "Papa! See the p'itty stone!" It was indeed a pretty stone, and Marshall at once suspected its value. Tests proved that he was right, and gold was *really* found. The discovery made some little noise among the few Americans in that lonely, far land, but nothing was known of it to the world until the Rev. C. S. Lyman, who saw some of the nuggets which further search yielded, wrote a letter to the "American Journal of Science," in March, 1848. As soon as the news was in type, it spread swiftly to the four ends of the earth; and by August of the same year four thousand excited men were already tearing up the sands of the American Fork, and so forcing them to yield up their golden secrets. And well they succeeded, since every day saw from \$30,000 to \$50,000 worth of gold "washed out" and transferred to rude safes of bottles or to buckskin sacks. How long and high that gold-fever raged; how it patted the fearful intervening desert with the weary footprints of hundreds of thousands of modern Jasons; how it brought around the Horn a thousand heavy ships for every one that had sailed before; how it overturned and created anew the money-markets of the world;

how it turned a vast wilderness into the garden of the world, and pulled the Union a thousand miles over to the West, and caused the building of such enormous railway lines as mankind had never faintly dreamed of, and did a thousand other wonders, you already know; for it has made literature as well as history. Our national page is crowded with great achievements; but its chief romance was in

The days of old,
The days of gold —
The days of '49.

Of the various methods of liberating our yellow slave from the hard clutches of the earth, it would take too long to speak in detail here; but they are broadly divided into two classes, according to the surroundings of the gold itself. Free or "placer" gold — which was the first known to mankind, and which was the sort that started the great "fevers" in California and Australia — is found in beds of sand and gravel, generally the bed of a stream. It is



HYDRAULIC MINING — BREAKING UP ROCK BY TWO GREAT STREAMS OF WATER.

extracted — this precious needle from an enormous and worthless haystack — by means of its own weight, water being applied in various manners to give that weight a chance to assert

itself. The mined gravel is water-sifted until but little is left; and from that little it is easy to hunt out the coy yellow grains.

The placer gold was not formed in the gravel-banks where it is found, but came there by the decay of its mother-rock. All gold began in "veins" in the earth's rocky ribs; but Time, with his patient hammers of wind and rain and frost, has pounded vast areas of these rocks to sand; and the gold, broken from great bands to lumps, has drifted with the bones of the mountains into the later heaps of gravel.

The processes of mining gold which still remains in its original home in the rocks are much more complicated. There is a vast amount of boring to be done into the flinty hearts of the mountains, with steel drills and with blasting; and then the rock which is dotted with the precious yellow flakes has to be crushed between the steel jaws of great mills. Much of the gold that is mined, too, is so chemically changed that it does not look like gold at all, and requires special chemical processes to coax it out. In all gold-mining, mercury is one of the most important factors. It is the mineral sheriff, swift to arrest any fugitive fleck of gold that may come in its way. The sluice-boxes in extensive placer-mines and the "sheets" in stamp-mills are all charged with quicksilver, which saves a vast amount of the finer gold-dust that otherwise would be swept away by the current of water; for water is equally essential in both kinds of mining.

There is no such thing as "pure gold," often as we hear the phrase. Nature's purest, her "virgin gold," is always alloyed with silver; and the very finest is ninety-eight or ninety-nine per cent. gold. California gold averages about the fineness of our American coin—ninety per cent. of purity.

It is an odd fact that the sea is full of gold. No doubt at the bottom of that stupendous basin, which has received for all time the washings of all the world, there is an incalculable wealth of gold in dust; but the strange ocean mine is not all so deep down as that. The sea-water itself carries gold in solution—a fraction of a grain of gold to every ton of water, as a famous chemist has shown.

Among the historical big nuggets found in

various parts of the world, there have been some wonderful yellow lumps. In Cabarrus County, North Carolina, one was found in 1810 which weighed thirty-seven pounds troy. In 1842 the gold-fields of Zlatoust, in the Ural, gave a nugget of ninety-six pounds troy. The Victoria (Australia) nugget weighed 146 pounds and three pennyweights, of which only six ounces were foreign rock; and the Ballarat (Australia) nugget was thirty-nine pounds heavier yet. The largest nugget ever found was also dug in Australia—the "Sarah Sands," named for a far-off loved one. It reached the astonishing weight of 233 pounds and four ounces troy! I wonder what Miner Sands felt when he struck his pick upon that fortune in one lump!

Within the last fifty years, California and Australia alone have produced more than half as much gold as the whole world had mined before Columbus. At present the United States produces over sixty million dollars' worth of gold a year, which is far more than any other country. South Africa and Australia rank next, producing each over fifty millions, and after come Russia, South America, and Mexico. The total annual production of gold in the world is over two hundred millions of dollars.

Yet the world is not richer in gold by all that vast amount every year. It is losing, too—an amount very trifling compared with the whole, and yet very large in fact. You hear people wishing that they owned this rich mine or that vast fortune; but if one could have just the annual *loss* on the billions of dollars' worth of gold now in the world's hands, there would be no need to envy Croesus. Every year an impalpable golden dust—so infinitely fine as to seem rather a vapor than a dust—is worn from all gold in use, and passes forever from our wealth and our knowledge. And in our handling, enough gold to make one person incalculably rich disappears every year, lost as absolutely as if it had never existed. So even if the world's needs of gold were not multiplying very rapidly, there would be required a large annual production merely to meet this shrinkage by "wear and tear."

The quality which makes gold the most val-

able of the metals is its docility. The cunning hammer of the smith can "teach" it almost anything. The more stubborn metals crumble after they have been reduced to a certain point of fineness; but gold can be hammered into a sheet so infinitely fine that 282,000 of them, piled one upon the other, would be but an inch thick! And a flake of gold tiny as a pin-head can be drawn out in a finer thread than

ever man spun, in a spider-thread—to a length of 500 feet.

There is no end to the uses of gold. They broaden every day. In one of its many forms, our Yellow Slave helps us in almost every art and walk of life. It is as necessary as its red fellow-servant, Fire—and a better in one way, since, unlike fire, it can never become "a bad master," except through our own fault.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

By H. A. HONK.

IT was a still summer afternoon. The dinner was over and the work done, in a certain red farm-house with green shutters that stood on a New England hill. Aunt Deborah had sat down in the splint-bottomed rocking-chair, with the big Bible in her lap. The name Deborah means "bee," and in character Aunt Deborah certainly was a bee; but she was an old bee now, and could not buzz around all the time. She was sometimes tired. Not for all the world would she lie down comfortably and take a nap; that would look too "shiftless." She had given little Rebecca, her orphaned grand-niece, a sheet to overseam up the middle, or, as the little girl called it, to "sew up over and over and forever!" for it seemed to the little girl an endless task.

As soon as she saw Aunt Deborah's eyes fairly shut, Rebecca stole softly out into the entry. She stood for a few moments at the open door, with the big unbleached sheet gathered up in her little arms, and looked across the valley of woods and rocky pastures, and wondered what was lying beyond the far-off hills. Then she heaved a weary sigh, and went back to her work.

Rebecca sat down on the bottom step of the stairs, and thought she would sew a piece as long as her finger, and then see what time it was. The thread knotted, and her brass thimble was too big and kept slipping off. It was slow work, and she thought, on the whole, it would be best to sew steadily fifteen minutes,

as near as she could guess. So she sat down with fresh determination.

When she got up to look at the clock, only eight minutes had passed, and she felt disheartened. Then she thought of a new plan. She counted the stair-steps; there were twelve. She divided her work with a great deal of trouble into twelve lengths and put pins in, and whenever she sewed up to a pin, she would go up a step. She began again; but the thread knotted and her thimble slipped off as often as ever, and, worse than all, her eyes watered so she could hardly see.

Rebecca fell to thinking of the great pile of eleven sheets that lay in the closet for her to seam up. Never, never, she thought, could she get them finished! It would take her until she was a grown-up woman, and there would be no time for her to learn anything else. Rebecca put down her work and went softly out of the front door to the well behind the house. She let down the old-fashioned sweep, and drew a pail of cool, sparkling water. How good it tasted!—for her throat was parched. Then she sat down on the kitchen step, and thought if Aunt Deborah would only wake up she would ask if she might go to see Almira Hackett. But then she remembered Almira had the measles, and of course Aunt Deborah would n't let her go. Pretty soon it would be time to take the old tin milk-pan with three holes in the bottom and go out to the chip-yard and get chips to make the fire in the fireplace.

Next she must swing out the crane, and fill the tea-kettle and hang it on, and then put on pots of water for the potatoes and dishes. When that was done she must set the table for four—Uncle Silas, Aunt Deborah, Reuben, the hired man, and herself. Afterward came the dish-washing. How Rebecca hated to touch anything greasy! There was no end to dish-washing. It came three times a day. People had to eat as long as they lived, and maybe she would live to be ninety, like old Miss Betsy Rice, who, Reuben said, would never die, but just “dry up and blow away.” Just to think of living to be so old, and to wash dishes, and to sew every afternoon on a sheet! Life under such circumstances was not to be borne.

Poor little Rebecca was only doing what hundreds of wiser and older people are doing all the time—borrowing trouble.

Just then the butterflies came sailing along and alighted on the lilac-bush. How nice it would be to be a butterfly and always wear beautiful golden-brown wings with blue spots over them! But maybe it would be even nicer to be a fairy gay in green and gold, and to live in the heart of a wild rose, and dance in the moonlight on the moss, as the fairies did in her book of fairy-tales that her little friend Almira Hackett had given her. It had opened up a new world to her childish vision, and when on moonlight nights, after reading by the light of the moon at her little white-curtained window,—for Aunt Deborah did not allow her a light to go to bed by,—she almost saw the little sprites in their revels, and no more doubted their existence than she doubted that there were angels in heaven.

Rebecca concluded after this long reverie

that it would be best to go into the woods, where, she hoped, she would meet the fairy queen, who, with a wave of her golden wand, would transform her into a little fay in green-and-gold attire. She would be sorry not to see Uncle Silas or Reuben any more, and she would like to say her good-by to Almira Hackett and a few other little girls; but the thought that fairies never did such tiresome things as wash dishes or sew seams in sheets overcame all other considerations, and she decided to go at once.

Rebecca opened the kitchen door to get her sunbonnet. It was made of green gingham, and she had been very proud of it when it was new; but now it was so faded, she felt sure she could

not apply for admission into the fairy circle wearing such a forlorn-looking head-rig. She closed the door softly, went around to the front entry, crept upstairs, and got her best bonnet, gorgeous with ribbons colored by Aunt Deborah with balm blows. Rebecca was sorry, when she looked in her little looking-glass, that her nose was so red and her eyes looked as if she had been crying, for she wanted to look as well as possible. She was afraid to take a parting look at Aunt Deborah, for fear of waking her.

She could not resist the temptation to give the hated sheet a farewell kick, and then she started up the hill that rose gradually back of the house. She had to cross a pasture where the cows were, and although she was a little country girl, yet she never could get over her terror of these ferocious-looking horned animals.

Uncle Silas and Reuben were over in the east meadow, laying stone wall. She could hear Reuben calling to the oxen. She waved



“REBECCA FELL TO THINKING OF THE ELEVEN SHEETS THAT LAY IN THE CLOSET.”

a parting kiss to them, and ran as fast as she could over the pasture. There was a swamp to cross, and in stepping from one tussock to another, she slipped and got her feet wet. She climbed the wall and got over into the pine woods. How solemn everything seemed here! The wind moaned and sighed through the trees; it almost made her afraid. She went farther into the woods, and sat down on a flat rock to wait for night to come. She could not remember whether her book said anything about fairies flying around in the daytime; but still they were sure to be out moonlight nights. It was growing very dark and damp, and Rebecca wished she had worn a shawl—not her best one, for that would do for some other little girl, but an old one that she wore when she went out early in the morning to feed the little chickens. As soon as she saw the fairy queen coming she could throw off the shawl, and then, in her clean calico dress and her best bonnet, she would look nice enough for admission into the fairy throng. She wished she was not so very sleepy. If there was time before moonrise, she thought she would lie down on the rock and take a nap. Finally she concluded she must sleep a little, so she took off her bonnet and laid it carefully down on the stone by her side—and that was the last that the little girl knew for several days.

Aunt Deborah woke up with a start, and looked at the clock. She had overslept, and was somewhat out of humor with herself and the world in general. She went to the kitchen, expecting to find the fire burning, the tea-kettle boiling, and the table set; but all was as it had been left after dinner. She came back and went into the entry. There lay the sheet in a little heap, but Rebecca was not to be found. She thought the little girl had perhaps gone to the meadow to see Uncle Silas, and returned to the kitchen to see if Rebecca's sunbonnet was there; but it hung on its accustomed nail. So Aunt Deborah went upstairs to see if the child had worn her best bonnet; for the idea of any one going anywhere without a bonnet never occurred to the old lady's orderly mind. The best bonnet was gone and the mystery solved, Aunt Deborah thought: Rebecca had gone

over to Almira Hackett's; and Aunt Deborah, very much displeased, began getting supper. She thought when Reuben came she would send him over for Rebecca, but was undecided whether to send her to bed without her supper or to choose another form of punishment.

The "men-folks" came up from the meadow, obedient to the summons of the horn. Aunt Deborah told them Rebecca was not to be found, and her belief that the child could be nowhere but at Almira Hackett's.

"Now, of course," said Aunt Deborah, "I shall have a sick child on my hands, just as I'm ready to spin for the winter!"

Good-humored Uncle Silas accepted his wife's idea, as he always did, and forbore to make any excuse for the child, knowing it would do no good.

Reuben hurried through his supper, secretly uneasy. He felt by no means sure that Rebecca had gone visiting without leave. He went to the Hacketts', received Mrs. Hackett's answer, that Rebecca had not been there for two weeks, with the remark, "Jest as I expected," and hurried off.

Even Aunt Deborah was too much startled by Reuben's report to remember about the milking; and the excitement increased until by two o'clock in the morning Uncle Silas, Reuben, and all the "men-folks" near were out with lanterns, torches, and bells, looking for the missing child. It was almost daylight when Uncle Silas came across the little runaway, who was lying on the flat rock where she had seated herself to wait for the fairies. She was tenderly taken home and put to bed.

Rebecca opened her eyes one afternoon in the cool, dark spare chamber. She could not, at first, make out where she was. She was sure she was not sewing a sheet "over and over," for there sat Roxa Temple, at work on one of the obnoxious articles; neither was she in fairyland, for there sat Uncle Silas and Reuben, and Reuben was pretending to keep off the flies with an apple-tree sprout—a needless work, for there was not a fly to be seen; but Reuben had a big, kind heart, and loved the little girl, and wanted an excuse to be near her.

"Uncle Silas," said Rebecca, faintly.

Uncle Silas's heart leaped for joy, for he

knew by her voice that her senses had come back, and her wild talk during her illness, of daily tasks and fairies, had given him an insight into her child-heart, and he felt that neither he nor Aunt Deborah knew much about children—about this one in particular. He remembered that Rebecca's mother had been said to be "romantic."

"Uncle Silas," said the faint little voice again, "what do fairies look like?"

barn, and stayed until the lump went out of his throat and the tears out of his eyes.

It was some time before the little girl was entirely well and strong, and by that time Aunt Deborah had made up her mind that Rebecca "had been petted so much she was sp'iled for work, and they might as well eddiccate her for a teacher."

This arrangement was faithfully carried out. To this day Rebecca does not know whether



"IT WAS ALMOST DAYLIGHT WHEN UNCLE SILAS CAME ACROSS THE LITTLE RUNAWAY."

"Never saw any. Do you know, Reuben?" said her uncle.

"No; I can't say I do." And then Reuben got up with a flushed face, and in sort of a choked voice said he "guessed it was about time for the milking," and went down to the

it was the illness or the pile of sheets that made her run away and seek for fairyland; but now, whenever she begins to "borrow trouble" or needlessly look at "life's long sorrows," she recalls the time when all turned out so well, and she takes a brighter view of the future.

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "Master Skylark.")

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DUEL IN THE FOG.

IT was three o'clock when Barnaby woke, and all the room was ghostly gray with a fog which had come up in the night. The hangings were all damp and limp, and the posts of the bed were wet. The candles burned like pale spots with a little mist about them.

Mynheer Van Sweringen was already up, and was buckling on his shoes.

"Be quick, my boy," said he, for they could hear the cocks crowing.

Barnaby sprang up quickly. When he took up his shoes the leather was stiff with the moisture from the air. Outside there was nothing to be seen but the fog and mysterious shapes which were trees.

As he dressed, quick steps came up the walk and paused under the window.

"Mynheer!" a voice called quietly. "Mynheer Van Sweringen!" and a handful of sand and pebbles clicked sharply against the pane. A little came in through the open sash and rattled on the floor.

"All up," replied Van Sweringen, quietly, at the window. "Come on, boy," he said; and then he and Barnaby went swiftly and silently down the stairs.

Captain Martin Kregier and Albert the Trumpeter were standing in the pathway with their cloaks wrapped around them, and behind them was Tierck Van Ruyn.

"Good morning," they all said softly, for the hush of the daybreak was on them.

"They showed me the place," said Tierck Van Ruyn. "This way, if ye please, mynheeren"; and they went quickly across the road into the beech wood. The fog was so thick they could scarcely see the trunks of the

trees. The water dripped from the branches like rain, and the drenched grass soon soaked their shoes and stockings through. There was no sound but the dripping and the swish of their strides in the grass.

They came soon to a low stone wall half covered with blackberry-vines. Here they stopped for a moment and listened. There were morning-glories among the thorns and wild roses full of the dew, and, as they stood there listening, a startled bird flew from its nest in the grass with a little broken cry.

Beyond the wall stood a hawthorn-tree, and beyond the tree lay the meadows, though there was nothing to be seen but the fog which covered them like a cloak. Somewhere beyond the hawthorn they heard a man's voice singing softly, as if to himself, a song, the verses of which ended dolefully with " Falero, lero, loo!" Yet it sounded pleasant, for his voice was young and sweet.

"There they are," said Kregier.

At that the singing stopped, and the singer's voice said: "Tsst, Cousin Brooke! I think I hear them coming."

"Hola!" called Captain Kregier. "Where are ye, gentlemen?"

"Here, this way along the wall," replied a heavier voice. "I told ye they would come down through the wood, Cousin Charlie."

"But Philip said that he would send them down by the road through the meadow."

"Cousin Philip says a deal," rejoined the heavy voice. "If he did but the half of what he says, he 'd be a prodigy."

The air hung full of the leaden fog across the little knoll where the Maryland gentlemen were standing. There were Master Thomas Nottly, Master Baker Brooke, Major Marmaduke Tilden, and the Governor himself. Their cloaks and coats were gray with dampness, and their laces hung dejectedly. Their stockings,

too, were thoroughly soaked, and their shoes were stiff with moisture.

"This fog just suits a Dutchman," Master Nottly was saying.

"There is no more fog in Holland than there is at home, mynheer," said Baker Brooke, with a quiet bow to Mynheer Van Sweringen.

"We all shall see quite well enough," said the Governor.

With that they all bowed courteously, and bade one another good morning.

"The sooner we are at it, the sooner we are done," said Captain Kregier to Master Nottly.

Master Nottly nodded. "That's a very true observe."

Mynheer Van Sweringen had already laid aside his outer coat, and his shirt-sleeves were limp with the damp. His air was fair and courteous, but grim.

Master Calvert had a bow of ribbon in his hair, and his lips were smiling, though his eyes were grave.

Master Brooke was measuring the rapiers at one side, while the others, with Albert the Trumpeter, were kicking off the ground, which here and there was overset with clumps of weed. "It is not Calais sands, mynheer," said Major Tilden; "but it will serve. A

man may die as quickly on the grass. Do ye prefer the French or the Italian style of fence?"

"The common Dutch, sir," said Kregier.

Major Tilden laughed. "As was to be supposed. But, Captain Kregier, I've a mind that your 'common Dutch' is most uncommon stuff."

"Well, if you're ready," said Master Brooke, "we might as well be at it as standing



"TIERCK VAN RUYN GAVE THE WOUNDED MAN AN ARM TO LEAN ON; BARNABY SPRANG TO THE OTHER SIDE." (SER PAGE 919.)

here idle; there seems to be no clearing up to this infernal fog."

Mynheer Van Sweringen slipped off his cloak,

which he had drawn about him. The warmth of his body was still in it when he gave it to Barnaby.

"Here, boy; hold these hand-guns, too," said Kregier, taking his heavy pistols from his belt. "Keep their pans under thy jacket; the fog is very damp."

Then Captain Kregier and Master Nottly took up their stands to right and left, with the points of their swords on the grass.

"Gentlemen, we are ready," they said.

The principals stood for a moment in silence, facing each other, with a look upon their countenances that haunted the boy for many a day — inquiring, deadly calm, and inflexible, not to be moved by argument, friendship, or love. They were come to a place where each hand's move was irrevocable and fatal; yet in each man's face, for an instant, there was a look as if to say, "I would that I might snap my thumbs and cry, 'A fig for honor!' throw down my sword, and take thine hand, to be good friends again!" It passed like sunlight through quick clouds.

"Ready!" said Captain Kregier.

The rapiers flashed aloft, fell level, and engaged, with a rasping sound and a shrill, keen grating that was never still. Over the fields and through the wood the yellow fog drifted, now rising a little, then falling again until there was nothing to be seen but the men upon the knoll, and even they were ghostly as they stood there, voiceless and motionless, watching the sword-blades flash and thrust. There was no sound but the quick, sharp breathing of the swordsmen, and the constant shifting of their feet in the harsh grass.

Van Sweringen's style of fence had very little feinting, but was of straight attacks and lunges that called for the utmost skill. A stillness had come on him, a stern dignity, that well matched the dark austerity of his countenance. But my young Lord Baltimore seemed to grow more careless every moment, and all the while kept up a running fire of remark, as "Good, Dutchman, good! Most gentlemanlike. A sweet and comely guard. Well kept, upon my word, well kept!" and his mouth laughed gaily, though all the while he fenced with swift and exceeding keen alertness and with desperate

reaching across Mynheer Van Sweringen's steady blade, which seemed to grow steadier all the while. This recklessness grew upon him, until even Van Sweringen cried:

"In heaven's name, guard thyself better, or I shall certainly spoil thee!"

For reply Master Calvert came over his antagonist's guard with a fierce, lunging thrust, springing in upon him like a wild-cat.

Mynheer Van Sweringen's guard went down, and he would have spitted like an eel, but, with incredible adroitness, he hollowed his back like a bow, and the long blade went slitting through his shirt with a rending sound, in at one side and out at the other, and across his back like an icicle.

Then, in a twinkling of an eye, the thing was done and over.

Before Master Calvert could recover from the lunge, Van Sweringen disengaged, and attacking him over the wrist with a thrust as swift as the flight of an arrow, ran him through, half the length of his blade, and was back again on his guard, with the tip of his rapier pointing down to the grass, his lips pressed grimly together, ready for anything that might come to pass, capable and alert. Along the blade of his rapier was a mist of red, half wiped away.

My young Lord Baltimore turned suddenly and let his rapier fall; it made a little wet splash in the grass. "St. Hubert!" he said, with his face all drawn; "gentlemen, I am finished!"

Van Sweringen breathed quickly, his lips set firm together, his nostrils wide, and his attitude as rigid as stone. He did not speak, but stared with fixed eyes at Master Calvert.

The Governor's hands were clenched upon his side. A thin red line ran down his sleeve and broadened over his fingers.

"Quick!" he cried. "I am bleeding!" Then all at once he shuddered and swayed uneasily on his feet. "Oh, Mary!" he cried, "I am done for!" And, turning half-way around, he pitched headlong into the grass.

His cousin, Baker Brooke, was down beside him in an instant. Major Tilden ran up, whipping out a handkerchief, and Master Nottly was lifting the wounded man's head, when Barnaby, leaning against the wall and feeling

a little sick, heard a swift rushing of feet in the grass, going up the hillside, and all at once, with the sound of feet in the grass, bodiless and unearthly in the fog, a thin, high voice began to cry, "What! Here! John Doe! Help, help! they are murdering the Governor!"

As if in answer to the cry, there came a shouting in the fog, and the sound of heavy footsteps thudding along the soft, wet ground, as if a body of men were running together along the hilltop. Master Brooke got up and looked into the fog.

"What's this?" he said. "What's this?"

But there was nothing to be seen, save only the brambled wall and the meadow for a little space like an island about them.

The fog lay denser than ever; a pelting rain had begun to fall; the shouting grew nearer, the sound of the running feet came on, and ever that shrill, high voice kept calling, "This way, John Doe; this way!"

When Master Charles Calvert heard the voice he lifted his head a little.

"By the bones of the Red O'Donnell!" he gasped, "what's this?" and then, "Oh, shame!" and sank back with a look of horror.

He had scarcely spoken when out of the fog came a splash of flame and the thundering crash of a pistol. A handful of slugs tore the ground into shreds at Mynheer Van Sweringen's feet, and in through the fog ran a stooping man, his hat-flaps down about his face, and a long knife in his hand. Coming upon the trumpeter, who was nearest upon the knoll, he struck him twice in the back with inconceivable rapidity, and was off again into the fog. "Here they are!" he cried, and sprang over the wall. Albert the Trumpeter gave a choking cry, and fell forward upon his face.

Then came a shout, "Down with the Dutch!" and through the fog about them they could discern dim forms that leaped and ran and peered at them. "Down with the Dutch!" rose the cry. "Down with the corn-thieves!" And again came a stabbing flame, and the whistling slugs from a hand-gun sang through the air and went screaming into the beech wood. Mynheer Van Sweringen started back, for the wind of them swept his face. The hum of the slugs beside his head was deadly.

Kregier clenched his fists and shook them wildly in the air. "Foul play!" he cried. "There hath been foul play!"

But Master Charles Calvert, turning on his side, cried out with a gasp: "On my honor, sirs, I do not know what this outbreak means!"

Mynheer Van Sweringen answered him: "We have never doubted thine honor. Methinks this is a whirlwind I have sown with my own hands."

"Down with the Dutch!" came the cry again. The press seemed gathering in upon them, and out in the fog another gun went off with a roaring bang, but the slugs flew wild in the treetops. They could hear new voices hurrying down from the road on the hilltop. It was plain that dangerous company was gathering.

"Mynheer," said Marmaduke Tilden, "I trow we must run for it"; and he looked about him as if half stupefied. "I do not know what this outbreak means, but you may count upon me!" and he pluckily out with his sword.

"I should make a try for a boat," said Baker Brooke. "They have the upper hand, and we can hardly win the town. Nottly and Tilden and I will close with the rogues, and perhaps we can make some diversion while ye get a good start for the river."

Van Sweringen looked around him. They were standing back to back on the knoll, a little knot of men. Then he turned to Kregier. "We must run for it, captain," said he. "We must find a landing, and off to the ship, or we shall all be murdered." He ran to the wounded trumpeter. "Albert!" he cried, and laid hold of his arm. The trumpeter rose, although he staggered as if he were drunk. Tierck Van Ruyn gave him an arm to lean on; Barnaby sprang to the other side, thrusting the pistols into his belt, and put his arm around him.

Then Tilden and Brooke ran into the fog, waving their swords, and crying, "Stand, you contemptible villains!"

And the former engaged with a sailing-man who fought desperately well with a hanger; but Brooke's sword was knocked out of his hand, and he was knocked over the head, so that he fell doubled up in the grass, and lay there, unable to get to his feet, with his hands clasped over his forehead.

Again the Governor cried out: "Mynheer, upon mine honor, I do not know what this outbreak means."

"Why, sir, I never have doubted thine honor," replied Van Sweringen.

Then they were off through the fog, down the slope of the meadows toward the inlet; and the last they saw of the English gentlemen, Master Nottly had drawn his sword, and, leaving the Governor outstretched on his cloak, was fighting like a maniac with a tall, gaunt man, while Tilden, who had run his first antagonist through the breast and left him for dead in the field, was lashing about him with his sword, crying, "Stand, ye villains!" and Master Brooke lay on his back at the foot of the knoll, with his hands over his face.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIGHT AT THE LANDING-PLACE.

THEY had come about half-way down through the meadow below the wall, the world dazed with the fog, and Barnaby's wits in a whirl with the crying out and the running. It seemed for a while, indeed, as if they were coming off scot-free; for the stand taken by the English gentlemen had confused the attacking party, and the shouts and cries were falling away disordered among the meadows. But all on a sudden, when they were gone perhaps about two furlongs, the fog floated up for an instant, and there, in the field behind them, they saw a sailor running like a hound upon their trail. No sooner had he perceived them than, although he was still some distance away, he fired at them with a hand-gun, and ran down the field shouting, "Here they go! Head 'em

off! Hurry, ye lubbers!" Then the fog shut down again, and wiped him out of their sight as if a curtain had been drawn. Mynheer Van Sweringen turned and ran back swiftly into the mist. All they heard was a sudden shout and the stamping of feet in the semi-darkness. Then out of the fog came a choking cry like sobbing laughter, and Mynheer Van Sweringen came running back and joined them again.



"'LOOK OUT!' BARNABY SHRIEKED, AND FIRED POINT-BLANK ALONG THE LANDING."
(SEE PAGE 922.)

And so they came on down the slope. They were keeping well together, but the wounded trumpeter stumbled and lagged, for his boots were very heavy, and tripped upon the rolling

ground, so that they could hardly keep him upon his feet, though he stuck to it gamely. They had come out of the field where the stone wall was, and could now smell the river wind; but the fog grew thicker around them as they came, and they could make out little except the ground under their feet.

Twice the blind chase overtook and almost closed upon the fugitives; but Van Sweringen and Kregier, turning back into the fog, crossed with those who pressed too close, while Tierck Van Ruyn and Barnaby made off toward the river, supporting the groaning trumpeter between them.

Then Captain Kregier came running on again, his short sword in his hand. "They will stop me again? Ach, neen, I think!" he panted. His gray eyes flashed and his sword was red. Mynheer Van Sweringen followed him, running lightly, with nostrils spread, and a wild light in his eyes.

In this way, hurrying all the time as fast as the trumpeter could go, fighting and calling out "Courage!" to one another, they came at last to the head of a road running down through the bluff to the waterside.

Below them the river was lost in the fog. They could distinguish nothing. All they could see was the yellow road under foot, running down through the hollow.

"Ach!" panted Captain Kregier. "Pray heaven there is a boat!"

Then they started down the hill.

The road was steep and rough, cut up by wagon-wheels, and there were many stones, so that they were forced to go down slowly, as the trumpeter's strength was fast failing and he was growing sick.

"Ach!" he groaned. "Go easy, comrades. I am all stabbed to pieces. Stop a bit until I can rest, or I can go no farther!"

So they stopped for a moment in the roadway.

They could hear the sound of running feet, and then the chase, confused by their silence, halted somewhere off in the fog, and voices began to cry, "Where did they go?"

"They went this way. I saw them."

"I don't believe they went that way; I don't hear nothing of 'em," said one of the party.

"But I tell you they did; I saw 'em."

"Be still there, I say, ye clattering fools," cried a hoarse, commanding voice. "There's summat stirring yonder."

Then everything was still except the rushing of the river, and now and then a footfall going up or down the bank, or rustling cautiously in the grass along the gully-top. Then all at once, out of the fog at their right, a man with a dark-green handkerchief about his head sprang over the edge of the bluff and down the bank almost upon them, all unaware of their presence, and had well-nigh touched them with his hands before he saw them. He was so close that there was no scrambling back up the gully-side. He gave a scream, and shouting, "Here they are!" threw himself forward, knife in hand. Mynheer Van Sweringen closed with him, and struck with his shortened rapier; then, turning, came on after them with a bitter laugh, leaving the fellow lying on his face in the road, his arms outstretched and his fingers fumbling the gravel.

At this the chase once more fell back, and no one put himself forward; so that the fugitives came down through the hollow to the landing-place unassailed, the loose stones rattling under their feet. But as they emerged from the mouth of the gully to the beach below, there was a whirring sound, and a shower of stones from the bluff came thumping down around them.

"There!" cried a hoarse voice. "Don't ye hear them?" The shouting began again, and heavy footsteps hurried down the road through the hollow behind them.

Of their pursuers they could as yet see nothing through the fog; but before them, dimly outlined, lay a long tobacco-landing, down which Captain Kregier ran. "Heil! there is a boat. Thank God!" he cried. And they all went running after him.

Beside the landing lay a yawl, like a duck on the water. When they came to it they saw it was yellow and black—seeing which, Barnaby uttered a startled cry. He had seen that yawl before.

But "Quick!" cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, and stopped at the throat of the wharf, standing with rapier ready. "Into her! I will hold them off until ye are all gone down."

With that he flourished his rapier until it shone through the fog like a ring of cold white fire. At once the rascals halted, and drew back for an instant, daunted. They had tasted that long blade, and were not hungry for more. But all about him the heavy stones beat upon the wharf and threw up handfuls of sand and dirt as they ricochetted around him.

"Be quick!" he said. "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," cried Captain Kregier.

Again he cried, "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," was the captain's answer. "You must hold them off a little yet. Albert hath swooned."

"Then be quick," cried Mynheer Van Sweringen; "I can hardly stand them off any more." Yet he laughed as he spoke, though he was panting for breath, and ran back again into the fog.

All the mist around him seemed alive; bludgeons struck at him, stones flew by. Twice he lunged and recovered again, with his trouble for his pains; twice again he lunged and twice came back with his sword-blade dripping red.

Where all their pistols were, it seemed that none but heaven knew, or Van Sweringen would never have seen his wife and child again.

His head was bare, and his long hair hung in strings across his face. His sleeves were rolled to the elbow, and on his wrist at his rapier-hilt was a little gold bracelet which his wife had given him. His eyes seemed on fire, and he laughed hysterically. Both the landing and the river-shore were lost in the drifting mist. All he could see was the struggling press that crowded down the narrow landing. Again he lunged with a shout, and a man plunged forward at his feet with a choking, bitter wail.

"Ye would have it!" cried Van Sweringen. "God have mercy on your soul!" And turning, he ran down the landing, for he could no longer hold his ground. They had pressed him back upon the wharf, and there was no room for sword-play.

"Are ye all gone down?" he shouted as he ran. "I can keep them back no longer."

Barnaby looked up at him and felt his whole heart leap, for Van Sweringen's face was wild

with the fighting, and his eyes were like red coals.

"Push off!" cried Van Sweringen. "I can jump for it; let me look out for myself." And he turned again for an instant to fight for running-ground. As he turned, a ragged, whirling stone from somewhere in the fog struck him just at the roots of his hair. His sword hand drooped, and he staggered back; the point of his rapier plowed the earth. Blindly raising his left hand, he felt about his face.

"This way, mynheer," cried Barnaby. "This way!"

But Mynheer Van Sweringen staggered about as though he had not heard.

"Ware, sir, ware!" shrieked Barnaby; for he saw a huge, tall fellow, who had just overtaken the wild pursuit, come charging down the landing, with an oak cudgel in his hand as thick as the butt of a tree.

But Van Sweringen still stood there, dizzily rocking to and fro, his sword-point fallen, his hand to his face, uncertain, dazed and blinded.

Captain Kregier was lifting the trumpeter down. Van Ruyn, with a face like death, was trying to ship the oars. A stone had struck him in the side and had broken two of his ribs.

"Ach, Gott!" cried Kregier. "Have we failed, after all? Albert, sustain thyself, and leave me go to fight. Ach, hemel! they have slain him!" for Mynheer Van Sweringen, stricken blind, came staggering down the landing.

Something sprang up into Barnaby's throat that choked him until his head spun. Setting his teeth, his breath coming fast, he tugged on the mooring-line. "Look out!" he cried. "Look out!" and scrambled upon the landing.

The man with the oak cudgel was running down the wharf, bellowing like an angry bull, and whirling his club. Barnaby drew his pistols, and cocked them with shaking hands. "Look out!" he shrieked, and fired point-blank along the landing. The hot flame spurted into the fog through the dense powder-smoke, and the heavy, smothered crash reechoed from the bluffs. He heard a cry, "Ware, all! They're getting at their guns. They've hand-guns amongst 'em!" and the rogues broke back again. But one man was lying along the piling, and another sat down slowly with his hand to his breast. "I'm hit," he said. "I'm done for!" and he

leaned back against a post; and all at once he gave a great gasp and his lips fell apart, and the side of his jacket was wet and red.

Kregier laid the trumpeter safe in the stern of the yawl, then climbed up to the wharf, and taking Mynheer Van Sweringen in his strong arms, sprang back with him into the rolling boat, and fell with a crash on the thwart. "Hurry, there, boy!" he cried. "They are coming!"

But Barnaby stood looking back at the sailor on the landing. The rogue had crumpled down upon one side, with his hands upon his breast and his head on the earth. The boy's face was very white.

"Hurry, there!" cried Kregier. "Quick, there! Hurry, boy!" for two men were coming down the landing, running doggedly together.

One was tall and gaunt, the other short and heavy. The short man's head was tied up in a handkerchief, but the taller villain wore a hat, the broad, flapping brims of which were tied up with leather thongs.

"By glory!" he cried. "They are taking the yawl! They are making off with the yawl!"

But the other gave a hoarse gasp.

"There standeth the gromet himself. Look out for the boat; I'll tend to the boy. I'll give it to him!"

Barnaby turned with a cry, and leaped down into the yawl: it was Captain John King and Jack Glasco, the master's mate. He cast off the line; the boat swung round; the tide was running out. "They are off, by glory!" he heard King shout; and then, with an angry cry, John King sprang from the wharf above, and after him the master's mate.

One instant he saw the red soles of their shoes flashing downward through the air, and their loose pea-jackets flapping like wild, inadequate wings; then down into the water they came with a tremendous splash, scarce a yard from the stern of the yawl. Struggling forward, as Kregier tugged madly at the oars, they plunged full length through the water, and caught the dripping gunwale.

The boat swung round, heeling down on her side, and the water rushed into her.

"Get the boy, Jack," cried King, "while I turn the cursed thing over!"

The master's mate made a desperate clutch at Barnaby across the gunwale. Barnaby raised the pistol and struck him fiercely with its butt.

"Oh," screamed the master's mate, "the gromet hath broken my skull!" Yet still he clung to the stern of the yawl like a bulldog.

"Hit him! Hit him! I cannot see to run the rogue through," cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, groping blindly about the boat. "Where is he? Tell me where he is"; and he raised his rapier.

Directly in front of him Captain John King was clinging to the gunwale, glaring up into his blinded face with a visage distorted with hate.

"Ye pestilent, meddling ape!" cried King. "I'll have my vengeance on ye!" And hanging with one hand against the tug of Kregier's rowing, he thrust the other into his breast and drew out a flint-locked pistol.

He tried to cock it with his thumb, but his hands were wet and his fingers slipped. Down went the hammer. A flash followed. Barnaby thought the charge was gone, but it was only a spatter of sparks at the pan.

With an inarticulate cry of rage, King bit at the cock with his teeth, and clutching them fast on the wing of the hammer, drew it back to the full.

"Take that!" he cried, and thrust the weapon straight at Mynheer Van Sweringen's breast.

With a desperate, left-handed clutch, Barnaby caught the picaroon's wrist, and throwing his weight upon it, at the same time brought down the butt of his pistol upon King's head with all the strength that was in his right arm.

As he struck there was a spurt of flame and a roaring crash in his ears. In a blind smother of powder-smoke and of burning woolen stuffs, he felt a ripping stab of pain tear through his nearer shoulder, and a stunning shock like the blow of a cudgel benumbed his whole left arm.

Choking for breath, he cried out bitterly, caught the arm with his other hand, and let the empty pistol fall into the water at his feet.

John King's fingers slipped nervelessly from

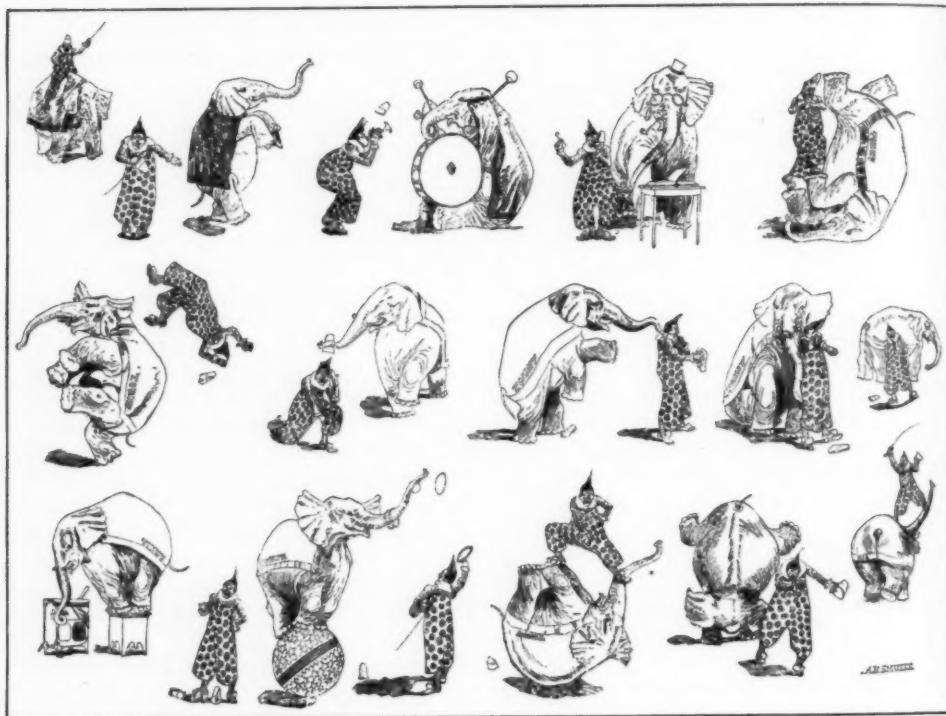
their hold. He made as if to clap them to his broken head ; but all his senses seemed knocked into a daze, and he could not guide his hands.

He stood a moment, reeling with the motion of the water ; then, slowly wavering to and fro, dropped forward on his face, his hands out-

stretched before him, as limp as a floating weed, and slowly sank out of sight beneath the eddy behind the boat. The master's mate was plunging back to shore in frantic haste.

Then the yawl came away with a jump, and the fugitives felt they were safe at last.

(To be continued.)



NAT AND TOMMY.

SOUND the trumpets, beat the drums, see the learnèd elephant comes!
Introduced by Zany Nat, Elephant Tommy doffs his hat.

Tom makes music, smokes and reads, every word of Nat's he heeds.

He turns a somersault complete, upsetting Nat, who 's on his feet.

Tommy 's sorry, makes amends, sheds some tears, and they 're good friends.

Tommy grinds the organ now, catches rings, rocks, makes a bow,

Then bears his master from the ring, while all applaud like anything.

Christopher Valentine.

THE PORT OF BOTTLES.

BY DR. EUGENE MURRAY-AARON.

IT is a common thing for officers or sailors on sea-going vessels, and especially for passengers, whose time often hangs heavily on their hands, to write some message on a paper, inclose it in a bottle, cork it tight, and throw it overboard. Usually the paper contains a mere memorandum of the name of the ship, its latitude and longitude at the time, the date, the name of the captain and of the writer, with perhaps a humorous message to the finder—the whim of an idle hour. But possibly the writing may convey a more serious message, stating that the ship has sprung a leak and is about to founder, compelling its passengers and crew to take to the small boats. Very rarely has such a bottle been picked up by a passing vessel in time to rescue the survivors.

If the bottle has been securely corked it may float a long time on quiet seas, and may be carried many hundreds of miles on an ocean current. Such a waif, dropped into the Gulf Stream off the coast of the United States, has been picked up many months afterward on the shore of Ireland, Scotland, or Norway. When ocean storms come the angry waves dash the frail bottles on floating spars or projecting rocks, and the greater number are doubtless broken in this way. There are a few "dead spots" in the ocean, however, to which these tiny glass vessels may be carried, and where they may float in security for an indefinite time.

An officer on a Brazilian ship describes such

a spot in the Caribbean Sea, which he says ought to be called the Port of Bottles. It lies nearly midway between the cities of Cartagena, Colombia, and Kingston, Jamaica, and about due east of Cape Gracias á Dios.

"It is out of the steamer tracks," he says, "and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there, unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering sea-grass and barnacles." He picked up there three bottles floating together amid the drift, one empty, the others with papers inside. One of these had been dropped in the sea three years before from a yacht in the Grand Cayman. He adds:

"I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the same spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be culled from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such a still place as I have described."

There are a few other similar dead spots in the ocean, and it is possible that bottles might be picked up in them which had been floating securely for many long years.

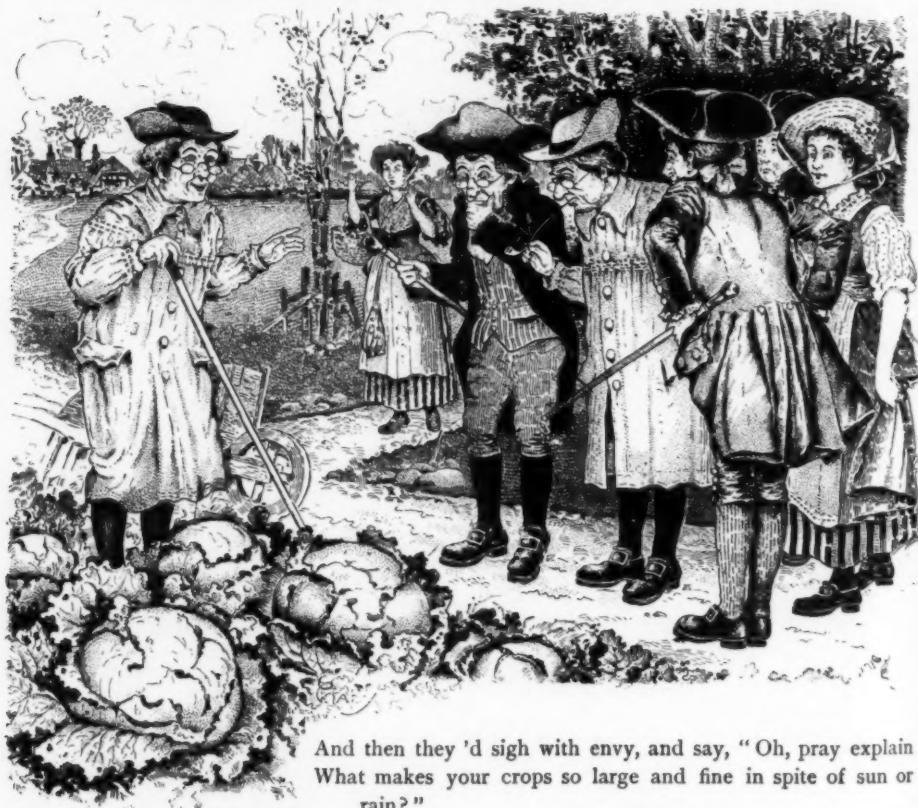
What messages of merriment, what tales of distress and doom these frail glass voyagers might contain, who may guess?



The Indulgent Farmer.

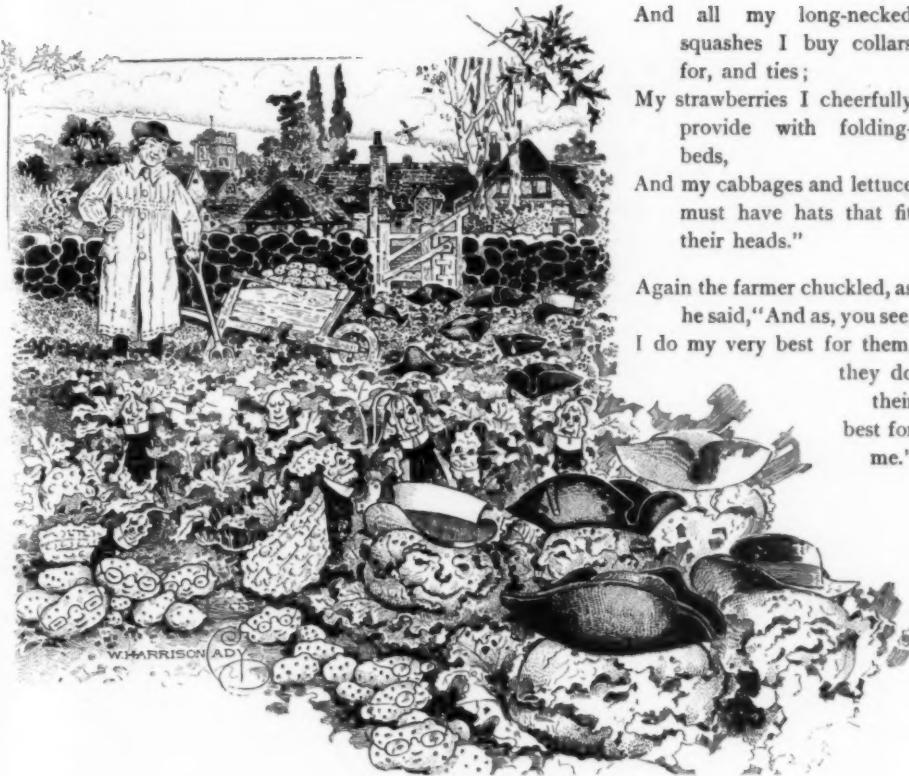
By Carolyn Wells

THERE was a kind old farmer once, whose name, I 've heard folks say,
Was Azariah Jedediah Hezekiah Hay.
His vegetables grew so well that all the people round
Would often come to take a look at Azariah's ground.



And then they 'd sigh with envy, and say, "Oh, pray explain
What makes your crops so large and fine in spite of sun or
rain?"

The kind old farmer chuckled, and shook his grizzled head.
"I 'll tell you what 's the reason, if you want to know," he said.
"It 's only that I 'm kind to them, and give them what they want.
I look out for the little needs of everything I plant:
I see that my potatoes have glasses for their eyes,



And all my long-necked
squashes I buy collars
for, and ties;
My strawberries I cheerfully
provide with folding-
beds,
And my cabbages and lettuce
must have hats that fit
their heads."

Again the farmer chuckled, as
he said, "And as, you see,
I do my very best for them,
they do
their
best for
me."

ULLABY.

OH, my little one sails on the river of sleep—

Hey, ho, my deary!

And the current is broad and the channel is deep—

Hey, ho, she 's weary!

For the daylight is done, and the sun has gone down,

And the dream-king is waiting to put on his crown,

As we start on our journey for Rock-a-by Town—

Hey, ho, my deary!

Now what shall we have when we come to the king?

Hey, ho, my deary!

A poppy, a pearl, and a pretty gold ring—

Hey, ho, she 's weary!

And the spell of the poppy her slumber will be,

And the pearl is a dream for my baby to see;

With the ring she 'll come back in the morning to me—

Hey, ho, my deary!

Albert Bigelow Paine.

A BOY OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

(*A Historical Romance.*)

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

[This story was begun in the July number.]

CHAPTER IV.

AND the poor little prince, what of him?

It was all grand and inspiring while the sun shone and the castle turrets were in sight. While the rough music filled his ears, his proud heart beat in triumph.

He was a king at last! All these knightly men were at *his* command. He was going forth to conquer, not new worlds, but new hearts. He was to learn strange things in the monasteries at Rome. He was to become strong and manly. When he returned, he would be able to hold his own with Ethelbald. The brothers only laughed at him now. They should feel his power later on.

But—he would be kind because *she* had taught him. The thought of the gentle mother turned him ill. Strange shadows were beginning to creep among the forest trees. The castle, and the dear familiar group, had long been hidden from view. A wave of loneliness and homesickness swept over him, and bending his proud head, he let the tears fall unchecked upon his horse's neck.

He clutched the reins closer in his cold fingers.

He struggled with himself, but could not seem to gain the mastery.

At last he controlled his voice and spoke to the young knight nearest him:

"My Lord Harold!"

"Your Majesty!" Alfred heeded not the jesting tone. The young man turned a laughing, kindly face upon the drooping child. His own boyhood was not so long past but that he saw and understood. The poor little prince sitting astride the horse was a pitiful sight to this tender-hearted young knight, and he muttered:

"'T is folly! The child should be abed within the castle walls!" Aloud he said:

"How may I serve your Highness?"

"Dost thou think I could ride before thee for a time? My father carries me so. My limbs are stiff and weary, and I greatly fear that my horse is tired also."

Lord Harold smiled under cover of the gloom, but answered calmly:

"Thy charger does, indeed, look ready to drop. My prince is a heavy load for such a small beast."

Alfred's pride rose at the words.

"Come, I will lift thee to my saddle. The horse shall be led."

The change was made, and the dim forest grew less awful, while the contact of Harold's strong body, and the clasp of his kindly arm, made Alfred feel safer.

They talked softly together as on they went toward the spot where the tents were to be pitched.

Harold told weird tales of adventure by land and sea, until the little prince forgot his troubles and thrilled and glowed.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the child spoke of his mother, and her teachings, with such reverent love that at last Harold bent his head, and an unheeded tear dropped on the curls resting against his armored breast.

"When I am king"—the little voice was growing drowsy—"thou shalt be my greatest warrior, Lord Harold. Whatever thou shalt ask, that will I give thee—because"—and here the face was raised to the young soldier's—"because I shall always remember this night. I never forget."

"I thank my future king!" The knight's voice shook.

Silence rested between them, and the cavalcade pressed on.

The weary prince slept upon the friendly breast, and Harold clasped closer the little form, and peered into the gloom.

A shadow grew upon his face as on they

rode. Perhaps in a vision he saw a battle-field. Already Harold had proven his courage against the foe, and had been rewarded for his bravery by being chosen to guard Alfred on this journey.

Perhaps he saw this little sleeping prince grown to manhood, and leading England's mighty hosts on to glory. It may be that he counted the chances of favor from the future king; he was young, and full of ambition; but his eyes were holden from the sight of himself lying stark and dead among the slain—hope, ambition, life itself, gone. He could not see the young king bending over him, gazing with eyes which "never forgot" upon his cold, dead face.

Ah, Harold the Loyal! you would have ridden that night with a heavier load upon your heart than the tired prince, could you have seen that!

When the long, wearisome journey by land and sea was over, a worn and heartsick little boy awoke, one morning, within the stern walls of a monastery room, to a realizing sense that the glittering pageant of which, but yesterday, he was heart and soul, had passed on, leaving him behind. Shorn of honor and martial array, he was simply a forlorn child lying on a hard, narrow bed, crying out his woes, with no one near to comfort or advise—no one even to care that he was weeping.

This was education! For this he had been sent from dear old England, that he might learn

to be a strong, good king, able to care for his people!

Ethelred and Ethelbald needed not the terrible lesson. It was reserved for him to suffer the pangs of homesickness and despair.

Oh, it was indeed a heavy penalty to be set aside to wear the crown! But even within those somber precincts Alfred soon made



"WHAT DOST THOU KNOW, ALFRED?" ASKED FATHER PAUL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

friends. When he was brought before Father Paul he found Lord Harold there before him. What the young knight had said, Alfred never knew; but Father Paul gazed seriously down

upon the little lad, and then smiled, half pityingly.

He was very little, very shy, and his eyes were swollen from weeping.

Perhaps the father, who in his day had been a mighty warrior, thought that in the young prince before him he saw but sorry material for the making of great England's future sovereign.

After looking for some moments upon the shrinking child, he said kindly:

"What dost thou know, Alfred?"

"Nothing, father."

The answer seemed to surprise the questioner. It was doubtless more humble than he had expected to receive.

"What dost thou wish to learn, son?"

"I wish to learn to be a strong, brave king."

Always the same absorbing thought! Unwisely and unjustly planted in that baby mind, it had taken root, and was choking out better and greater aims.

Father Paul frowned.

"Hast thou not brothers older than thyself?"

"Yes, father; three—Ethelbald and Ethelred, and one who fares away from home."

"Then, learn first to be just. Give to others that which is their right. Humble thyself. Learn, through temptation and victory, to govern thine own self before thou dost dream of governing others."

Lord Harold's face flushed. It was a new thing to hear the favorite son of England's monarch thus humiliated. But Alfred did not feel the sting of the prior's words.

Old and serious beyond his years in many ways, he was but a baby in others, and the only thought that touched him now was that, in some way, he had offended this great and good man to whom his father had intrusted him. He raised his soft eyes to the mild face of the monk, and said gently: "I crave thy pardon, father, if I have offended."

"Nay, son; I am not angry. But hark thee! Forget this thought of becoming king. Let the future take thee in its keeping. Learn to be a man; but before that, even, learn to be a —child." The old voice grew tender, and a kindly hand rested on the curly head.

Lord Harold then led the boy away.

They walked out into the sunlit garden, and Alfred felt the warm glow of the sunlight and the nearness of his friend melt the gloom in his heart, and he looked up and smiled.

"List thee, little prince," Harold said, seating himself on a stone slab and taking Alfred on his knee. "Canst thou trust me?"

"Yea, my lord."

"Well, then, tell not the other lads that thou wilt be the king. Act according to Father Paul's teaching, and forget, if thou canst, thyself. Go, play and romp, and grow merry. Then wilt thou be a strong lad, and when I come again I will bring thee a sword, a real sword, and it shall have a goodly name. Dost promise?"

"I promise, my lord!" Alfred touched his heart and laughed gaily.

That was something to live for. A real sword! And it was to have a goodly name! How he would love it, and learn to use it well!

Then, after a little more quiet talk, Harold rode away, bearing back to England the news that the little prince was reconciled to his new life, and promised to be a worthy son of a good father.

For a time all went well. The novelty of this new life attracted and fascinated the serious, thoughtful boy.

He was quick to learn, and willing to obey. He was truthful and generous, and the other boys within the seminary walls learned to love him, though they often jeered at his quaint, unchildlike ways. Alfred had grown accustomed to his brothers' half-envious raillery, but this was something different. Theirs was seasoned with awe and a knowledge of his superior position; but these boys openly derided him for his sober manners and solemn words.

He had never had serious opposition before, and for the first time in his life he felt anger; and for one boy, a child of about his own age, he developed a strong feeling of hatred.

Generally he was sweet-tempered and merry, and tried to adapt himself to the others' play, but if this boy crossed his will or laughed at him, his face would flush with temper, and his small hands clench themselves in rage.

"If I could only tell him that I am to be a king," he half sobbed one day when the foe

had taken his mimic sword from him and run away. "Then how he would fear me!" But the memory of his promise to Harold, and the hope of the reward, restrained him.

The secret of his title was guarded well within the monastery, and all seemed going as Father Paul desired until one unlucky day when Alfred forgot his vow, and brought dire disgrace and suffering upon himself.

Lessons had dragged that morning. His head ached over the hard tasks, and his thoughts would fly back to bonny England and the old happy days.

At playtime he drew apart and refused to join the others in their games.

At last Felix, the tormenting foe, cried out:

"Leave Sir Baby alone! He misses his nurse and pap!"

Alfred's face flushed darkly, and his hands clenched. He spoke hotly as he said:

"Have a care, thou Felix. I am no baby. I am—I am—going to be a king! Then will I kill thee, thou French knave!"

The older boys drew near, and seeing the angry faces of the two little lads, laughed aloud, and one cried:

"A king! Thou! Oh, poor country over which thou rulest, thou little striding infant!"

"'T is a great country!" half sobbed Alfred. "'T is the greatest on earth! I am to be the King of England!"

A great shout went up.

"The King of England! Long live the king! Knock his crown off, Felix. Make him eat his words, the boasting cur!"

Felix, backed by such a force, struck out valiantly; but Alfred was as quick, and springing back, dashed aside the well-aimed blow.

"Fair play!" cried some of the boys, already feeling admiration for the child they harried but could not help loving. "Fair play. Now!"

The two maddened little fellows squared and glowered.

In Alfred's eyes were tears of rage and pride; but Felix, better drilled and more hardened, was cool and pale.

A stillness fell upon the group. Then the blows began to fall.

"At him, Felix! Thou hast shattered his crown at the first blow," cried one party.

"Steady, Alfred! Thou wilt yet down France," answered the others.

The little feet shuffled on the grass. The quick breaths came brokenly, and blow after blow fell upon face and body.

"Alfred!"

"Felix!"

"Bravo! bravo! Down with England's monarch!"

"France is down!"

"Up, up, Felix! At him again! Now trample his crown!"

"Thou art a master, Alfred! Now, now, on him! Hold him! France is beaten!"

"Nay, nay! Bravely done! Up, Felix! Once more, and England's done for!"

Alfred heard the words. He might die—he thought that he was dying; but never while life lasted in him should old England need an arm to defend her!

The blows blinded him. A great buzzing filled his ears. Then he saw that some one was lying panting on the grass. A blood-stained face was turned to the sky. It was his face, he thought, and he was dying.

Well, he had died for England, for home, for father! What could he ask more?

A great hurrah filled the world. The sun went out. He was dead!

Then—and a blank space of time seemed to have elapsed—he opened his eyes. The sunlight had come back, and was streaming into the little window of his cell-like room.

He was lying on his bed, and his body was one aching pain from head to foot. A great feeling of sickness and loneliness stole over him, and he tried to recall *what* had happened. Slowly it came back to him, that day so long ago.

He thought he still heard the gibes of the boys. He saw his hated foe, and he recollects the bitter fight.

Had Felix beaten him? On that point he was *misty*.

Slowly he turned his weary head upon the pillow.

Beside the narrow bed sat Lord Harold! There was a queer light in his eyes as he gazed down upon the bruised and fallen hero; and also there was a strange smile upon his lips.

At the sight of the dear, familiar face, slow tears began to roll down the little prince's cheeks.

"Thou, Lord Harold! I am so glad!"

The young knight bent and kissed the tiny outstretched hand. Then Alfred noticed that across Lord Harold's knees lay a sword, a beautiful jeweled sword, which dazzled his eyes as he gazed. He forgot his pain and misery, and laid a reverent hand



"I AM GOING TO BE A KING!"

upon it. But memory flashed upon him, and he withdrew his hand.

"It is thine, my prince," spoke Harold. "I but keep my word with thee."

"But I have broken mine!" The little voice was hushed and thick.

"Broken thy word? Thou, Alfred?"

"Yea."

A long silence followed. Then Lord Harold spoke again:

"Thy father needs thee, Alfred. I have come to take thee home."

The boy started, and a deep flush covered his wan, bruised face.

"I cannot go, my lord; I was beaten. I yet must conquer Felix!"

"Thou hast already done that, my prince. Felix owns the defeat, or he will when once again he is able to own anything."

Lord Harold smiled strangely.

"I tried for England's sake, but *I* was not worthy. I have broken faith. England has but a poor one to do her battles."

"She hath a terrible upholder. Take the sword, Prince Alfred. Let it remind thee of thy lost victory o'er thyself and the well-won victory o'er thy foe."

For a moment Alfred faltered. Then bravely:

"Nay, nay, my lord; not until I have gained the victory o'er myself will I take thy gift. Keep it, Lord Harold; I will win it yet. But let me just hold it in my hands."

The child gazed rapturously, kissed it, and passed it back.

"Some day," he murmured, "some day! I will never forget again, my lord. I will go home with thee. I want my father!"

It was so still that the soft sound of a sob seemed to fill the room. Harold slipped his arm under the curly head,

and silently watched the troubled face of the unhappy little prince.

Hard as it was, could he have had his way, he would have left this child far from home among his sturdier companions to learn life's bitter lessons.

Sooner or later the conflict must come, and the poor little lad must take the cruel blows.

But England's king, hungry for the sight of his favorite child, worn with anxiety for his kingdom's welfare, longed for the companion of his dreary hours, and therefore he had sent his messenger forth to bring back the homesick boy.

So, in the gray of an early morn, they rode forth from the monastery gates. Alfred sat before Lord Harold, and only a few retainers accompanied them. At the vine-covered gate-

way the little company were halted to say the last farewells.

Father Paul stood there, with a group of boys beside him.

"Fare thee well, my son," said the old prior. "When thou dost come again thy heart will be less sore. My blessing goeth with thee."

Alfred bent and kissed the uplifted hand, while his tears flowed freely.

Then one little lad came from out the group. It was Felix.

"I did not know," murmured he; "thou must pardon me."

"Forgive me," Alfred whispered back. "Thou didst fight bravely. I will remember thee, Felix, when—" Then he paused. "I will remember thee always. Farewell!"

A boyish cry of "Fare thee well, Prince Alfred!" rent the air. Then the great gates swayed after them. England's little prince was going home.

CHAPTER V.

"T is but a foolish thing to want to be a king! If one must, then should one try to be a good king; but I wish no more to be one, and I have told our father so."

Alfred sat on the old stone throne. The brothers had deserted their fleet, and were lying about on the grass, listening to Alfred's tale of his journey.

Somehow the story of his encounter with the boy Felix had gotten abroad, and had lost none of its glory in the mouths of the king's household.

Ethelred and Ethelbald treated the child with an awed respect, and the old king could barely let him out of his sight.

But something had humbled the little prince. Perhaps it was the knowledge of how unworthily he had lost the sword that Lord Harold had brought for him. Perhaps it was the memory of those homesick months when he, the petted child, had been no better than the meanest boy in the seminary. Whatever it was, he was far more companionable with his brothers and less arrogant with others.

"But," said Ethelbald, in reply to Alfred's speech, "if thou art not the king, who will be?

Thou knowest neither Ethelred nor I have ever sought the honor."

"Our father is king."

"Ay, now; but by and by, who then? We mean to sail the seas. No kingdom shall claim us. We mean to conquer kingdoms!"

Alfred looked serious. This was a deep subject, deeper than he had imagined. It was one thing not to *want* to be king, but it was quite another to free one's self from one's obligations and responsibilities.

Suddenly Ethelred spake. He had always been fonder of Alfred than Ethelbald had been, and his rough nature was touched by the sight of the perplexed little figure on the rock.

"T is not fair that Alfred should bear the burden alone, methinks. Hark thee! I have a plan. He hath shown that he can fight for England. He's but a small lad to be so brave. We have stayed at home and played. Now, I say that we should share everything. When one goes abroad to fight and conquer, let the others look to the kingdom. Let turn about be our plan, and so will we make the world tremble."

Alfred and Ethelbald quickly started up.



"THE OATH WAS SOLEMNLY TAKEN, THE LITTLE PRINCES STANDING BAREHEADED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"T is a fine plan!" they shouted.

"Here, let us swear upon the bracelet."

Alfred always wore one, a rare gift from his mother. The oath was solemnly taken, the little princes standing bareheaded in the golden light.

"Now let us tell father!" cried Ethelbald.

"Nay, nay." Alfred held him back. "T would wound him. Let it be our secret, and if the day comes, we will remember."

"Long live the king!" cried Ethelred.

The merry shout went up.

Oh, little princes, could England's future history have been unfurled before you then, how prophetic your vow upon the glistening bracelet would have seemed! But your childish eyes were held from seeing, as Lord Harold's had been, and as all others are, most mercifully.

The years went on very peacefully for the children after that. Invasions by land and sea made Ethelwulf anxious and careworn; but the boys fought their never-ending wars, and won their victories upon the castle lake.

Within the grim walls they gathered beside the glowing logs, when the nights were cold and long, and listened to, and told, tales of horror which chilled their young blood with such a chill that no blazing log could warm it.

In the gloomy corners they saw faces of Danish foes which made their teeth chatter.

They whispered, and clung together, and were happy in their exquisite fear. For as they conquered those foes of imagination and terror, so would they, working together,—for they never forgot their vow,—conquer the real foes, and free old England of the robber bands.

"We will slaughter them, every one, women and all!" whispered Ethelbald, crouching at the chimney side, and peering open-eyed into the blackest corner.

"Not the women or children?" whispered Ethelred. In the face of that gloom, through which they must pass to go to bed, he dared not carry things too far.

"Ay, every one."

"We will pray for them first."

"Nay. What are their souls to us?" growled Ethelbald.

"Sh!" They crept together, and listened breathlessly for a moment or two.

"I thought I heard a trumpet blast."

"I—think—we will pray for their souls," ventured Ethelbald, at last. This seemed to propitiate the deepening horror, and the boys gained courage.

"I think," and Alfred spoke in quivering tones, "I think we should baptize the women and children, then load them with gifts, and send them back. The enemy will surrender on those terms, I wis."

Not even the stupefying shadows could still the derisive laugh which met this proposition.

"Oh, I would fight the men," Alfred hastened to explain. "They should grovel, I warn thee. But I would show them that we are nobler and wiser than they. 'T is only the heathen horde that treats as they do. I would show them a better way."

The logs broke and blazed, filling the room with a rich light.

The three princes grew brave.

"I shall kill all!" declared Ethelbald.

"I will think about it," quoth Ethelred.

"And I,"—Alfred was gazing in the heart of the fire, his chin resting in his hands,—"and I will try to be like father. I will do the best that I can. Father is a good king."

"Sh!" Again they huddled together. A shadow moved among the shadows. The heavy draperies swayed and fell into new folds.

"I thought I heard a moan, as if one of the foe lay dying," breathed Ethelbald.

"It sounded like the wind coming from the far north." Ethelred shivered.

"Some one sighed, I think." Alfred did not turn his head, but went on musingly: "Perchance it was a spirit passing—an unhappy spirit, sent out before its time. Mayhap it was thinking of all it had left unfinished, all the work it had meant to do."

"Sh!" Again the strange, soft sigh.

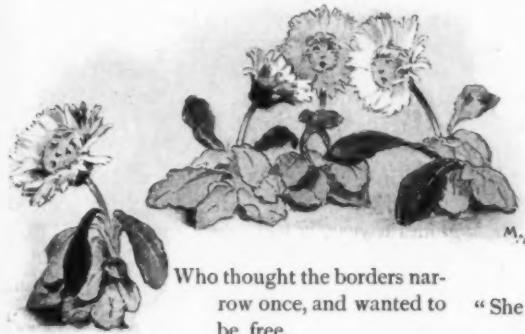
The three boys turned toward the doorway. All was silent. How could they know that a weary old king had heard their idle talk, and had gone out to take up listlessly the work he had to do, with but one thing to cheer his days: the knowledge that after him, God willing, would reign one whose heart was strong and tender, whom the people might indeed honor.

THE TRUANT DAISY.

It was the gay Sir Butterfly, the gossip of the garden,
Who told me all about it on a pleasant summer day.

Alighting on my shoulder, without "by your leave" or "pardon," He thus began the story in his light and airy way :

"The English Daisy family in the borders yonder growing,
All prim, precise, and pretty, and domestic as can be,
Have a sister — yes, that little one the breezes set a-blowing —



Who thought the borders narrow once, and wanted to be free.

"She did n't like the neighbors — they were all too stiff and formal;
Miss Pansy and the Mignonettes were 'out of date' and 'slow.'
'Oh, how I wish I did n't have to live in such a normal, well-regulated place!' she cried. 'I know I 'll never grow.'

"The Daisy's fairy-godmother, who heard her thus complaining, Transplanted her so gently to the lawn that very night
She never dreamed or woke to know the freedom she was gaining, Until the day was breaking in a flood of yellow light.

"Green turf was all about her, and above the birds were singing.

'I 'm really growing wild at last!' a sparrow heard her say.

But warm and warmer shone the sun until his rays were sting-ing,

And crowds of romping children nearly crushed her in their play.

"Just then she heard a munching sound, and, gay with ribbons flying,

A snow-white lamb, the children's pet, came cropping grass so near

He would soon have reached the Daisy, but, with terror almost dying,

She called her fairy-godmother, who answered, 'I am here!'

"She gently bathed the Daisy with a healing dewdrop lotion,

And rocked her with a little breeze till fast asleep she fell;

Then home the fairy carried her, without the slightest motion,

To waken in the borders — where she 's now content to dwell."

Mary White.



MARY WHITE



OWNING BOOKS.

IN a newspaper was recently printed a letter from a book-lover asserting that books were of little use to those who only borrowed them or received them as gifts. He objected, as Ruskin also did, to cheap books, and said he was "almost convinced that if the cheapest books cost five dollars or more the world would be better off."

No doubt this is an extreme statement, and would have to be expressed more cautiously to be true. Yet there is some truth in the idea that books may be too plentiful and too easy to buy. There is, possibly, a likeness between libraries and schools in this respect. The boy or girl in a big school is not so likely to form friendships as if in a smaller school. Where there is too wide a choice, there is less intimacy. So in the library. A large library is not so likely to become familiar and valued as a smaller collection well chosen.

The very company of books is educating. As one sits before the bookcases and glances at his favorite volumes, it is as if each said a word or two or suggested a thought. Thus a boy's eye may fall upon his copy of "Tom Brown at Rugby," and in his mind rises the remembrance of the great hare-and-hounds run in which Tom and East and the Tadpole struggled so pluckily, and at last held that delightful little interview with Dr. Arnold; or visions of East's tricks on old Martin. There is no need to open the book—one breathes its healthful air at the mere sight of its title. So from each old favorite there comes a friendly greeting, and we recall the pleasant hours spent in its company.

A great orator said: "Books are the win-

dows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy books."

"RUSTING OUT." MANY books are pre-

served from one century to another because they are dull or worthless. In a child's library, which books wear out first? Surely those the young reader handles most and reads oftenest. And the same rule holds with grown-up children. A stupid book no one reads is seldom disturbed. It stands idle all day and all night, gathering dust on the tops of its uninteresting pages, while the lively, bright, clever book is taken down a score of times a year, is lent (*don't say "loaned"!*), is handled and carried about until worn out in the service of mankind. That is why old books are often nearly worthless.

But if good books wear out, they are sure of being reprinted, while the poor book, when it once dies, is gone forever. The commonest books are likely to be the best. Where there is any library at all, you are practically certain to find at least a copy of the Bible and a volume of Shakspeare's Works. As has been said by many, when a book is rare it is because it ought to be rare—that is, no more than a few copies of such a book are wanted.

READING ALOUD. THERE are many occupa-

tions that may be carried on with sufficient care though the mind is being entertained by listening to reading. In some of the shops where clothing is made it is the custom for the workers to hire a reader who reads a book selected by vote. So far from interfering with good work, this habit is found

to be a help to the workers. There is many an hour of the working-day that might be made delightful in this way. The mending-basket will be emptied the sooner if one worker be turned into a reader, and the needles be plied while a story is heard. Yet some reading aloud is anything but a pleasure to the listeners. The oratorical style, full of over-emphasis, dramatic rendering, and noisy expression, is little adapted for the home. Good prose should have a certain music of its own, and this concord of sweet sounds may be entirely lost if a jerky, stagy method of delivery be chosen. The imagination will supply enough color, and even if the author wrote "yelled," there is no need to give the speech at the top of the lungs. In reading to the sick, it is especially desirable to keep within the bounds of good taste and moderation.

"OLD BOOKS." IT is not an uncommon notion that books must be valuable when they are very old; and if they be old enough, this is true. These most aged veterans are not likely to come into the hands of the ordinary buyer, for their rarity and value are too well known among dealers. To be valuable because of age alone, a volume must go back to the earliest days of the printing-press, when printing with movable types was yet a recent invention. Such books are known as "incunabula," from a Latin word meaning "baby-clothes," since they were made while the art was in its early infancy, that is, mainly before the year 1500.

THE OLDEST WRITINGS. IN Egypt Professor Petrie discovered the ruins of an extensive town long ago occupied by workmen employed in building one of the pyramids, of which there are so many in that ancient land. Here and there, in digging among the ruins, were found bits of papyrus—pieces of old manuscripts. Most of these were fragments of accounts, bills, lists of provisions, and so on; but among such dry details there were scraps of an ancient poem, an address to King Usertesen III., congratulating him upon his victories. It is translated in the London "Standard," and a few lines of it read thus:

Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a verdant shade and cool place in the time of harvest.

VOL. XXVIII.—118-119.

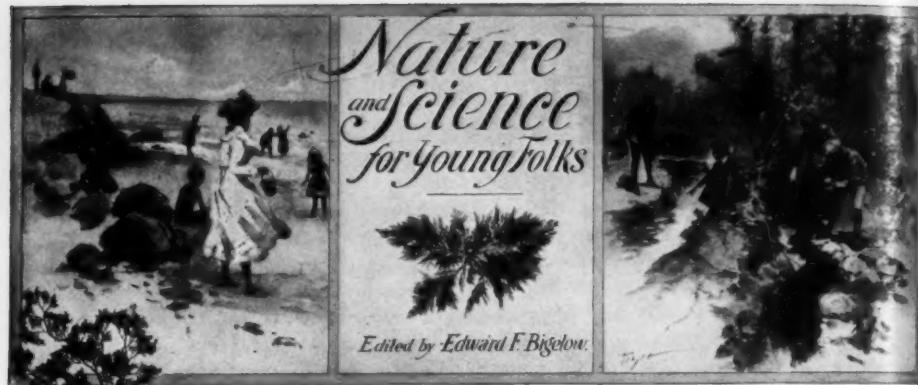
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a corner warm and dry in time of winter.
Twice great is the lord in his city: he is as it were a rock barring the blast in the time of tempest.

But even if this poem is fifty-five hundred years old, it cannot be considered the oldest writing known to us. Some of the clay cylinders that have been found recently in Asia are believed to be more than a thousand years older than this papyrus, for they are thought by some antiquaries to have been molded forty-five centuries before the Christian era—that is, sixty-four hundred years ago.

BOOKS IN THE BOOKCASE. EVERY lover of a library has now and then his "spring cleaning," though this is most likely to take place in vacation-time. Books are taken up, carried about, and at length restored to the shelves wherever there happens to be a vacant space—with the natural result in disorder. When the rows have lost their trimness, some rearrangement is necessary; and the owner decides to put the shelves in order. At first, perhaps, he thinks he will put together all the books of poetry, all the histories, all the stories. But it is soon found that this plan has many drawbacks. Among the poets, some are tall and slim, like Longfellow, others are shorter, like Goldsmith; others still are stout, like Browning. The histories, too, are of all shapes and sizes, and when ranged in a row seem like raw recruits on training-day; and soon the attempt to classify by subject is given up to professional librarians, who must have a useful system, no matter how their shelves may appear.

When the books are finally in place, the result is likely to be a queer mixture. Some books hold their places because they are big and bulky, others because of their colors; and the book-owner wonders whether it would not be a fine plan to make all books in a few regular sizes—an idea that does not at all meet with approval from the collector of fine volumes, who desires that each shall have a character of its own.

IF IN RECESSSES. IF in reading you become tired of your book, and yet desire to finish it, put it aside for a while, or even read another. You will enjoy it all the more when you return to it refreshed.



Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy.

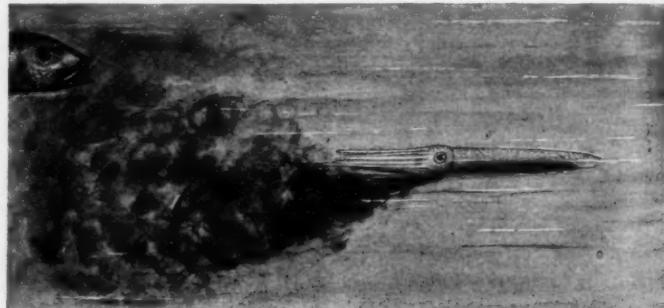
WORDSWORTH.

THE SQUID AND ITS FOES.

WALKING, one summer's day, across a bridge by the sea-shore, I chanced to glance over the side, and saw there a school of squids lying quietly in the salt water. They were almost perfectly still, holding their position against the slight tide by gentle motions of their fins. Picking up a pebble, I dropped it into the water near them, and, in a flash, every squid had disappeared. I looked carefully to find out, if possible, where they had gone, and soon discovered, to my surprise, that they had not moved at all. They had simply assumed a color so like that of the sand over which they were swimming that they were only with great difficulty distinguished lying on the sandy bottom.

In the skin of the animal are thousands of minute drops of brilliant colored liquid. The squid can flatten these drops out so as to spread them over his whole surface, thus giving to his body the color of the liquid; or he can contract them into a very small compass, so that they

almost disappear, and then the body assumes a grayish, transparent appearance. It is a beautiful sight to hold a live squid in one's hands, and watch the play of colors flashing over the body as these color drops contract and expand. Since the drops are not all of the same color, some considerable variation of colors is possible, and by taking on the hue of surrounding objects, the squid frequently escapes the observation of the foes that seek to devour him.



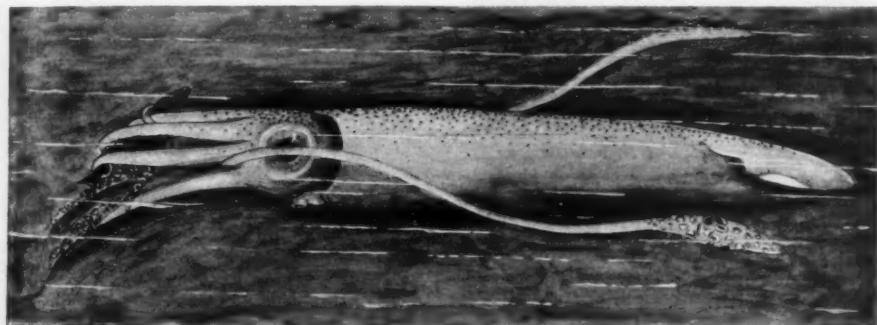
A SQUID ESCAPING FROM AN ENEMY BY DISCHARGING A JET OF INK. (DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE.)

But the chief means of escape is an extraordinary power of locomotion. The squid's body is surrounded by a large sack, called the mantle, which is attached along the back, but widely open around the neck—much as if one were placed in a meal-bag which was sewed to the

back of his coat but open around his neck. Ordinarily this sack is so widely open at the neck that water flows in freely and completely fills it. When the squid is frightened by some large enemy trying to capture him, the muscles around the neck are at once contracted, closing the opening entirely. Then the animal violently contracts the muscular walls of the sack, squeezing the water very forcibly. The water thus pressed on must find an exit even if it cannot get out around the neck. Communicating with the cavity of the sack is a little tube having a wide opening into the sack, but a very small one on the outside, underneath the head of the animal. This tube is commonly pointed forward, and is called

squids, hoping to get a meal, he is sure to be met with a cloud of ink spurted up in his face, as shown in the illustration on page 938. Under the concealment of the ink which he has ejected the squid utterly disappears, placing himself, by a series of backward jerks, at a long distance from his dreaded enemy.

But while the squid feeds upon smaller animals, matters are nicely balanced, since he, in turn, forms the food of larger ones. His body is muscular and soft, and has no skeleton or other hard parts to break the teeth of the fishes which try to devour him. There is hardly a fish of any considerable size that does not regard the squid as a dainty morsel of food. Even large marine animals do not disdain this



A SQUID CAPTURING A SMALL FISH. (DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE.)

the *siphon*. When the water in the sack is so pressed by the muscles, it is squeezed out through this tube in a very forcible jet. The force of the water thus shot out is such as to drive the squid backward with great rapidity. When the squid forces the water out of his mantle cavity in this manner, the whole animal shoots backward, almost with the velocity of an arrow. But this is not all. Inside of the mantle cavity the squid possesses a little sack of very black ink. The mouth of this ink-sack is close to the siphon through which the water is forced out, and when the animal, by its muscular contraction, forces out the water through this siphon, a little jet of ink is forced out with it. This ink spreads rapidly through the water, and in a fraction of a second it effectually conceals the squid beneath its dark cloud. When, therefore, a large fish swims toward a school of

exquisite delicacy, for squids form a considerable portion of the food of giant whales. Nearly every marine animal is, therefore, the enemy of the squids, and, were it not for the fact that they are provided with exceptional means of defense, they would probably have long since disappeared, consumed by their numerous enemies.

The squid is an animal with a long history, and has, for many thousands of years, been extremely abundant in all seas. They are among the most interesting objects at the sea-shore. A more beautiful object can hardly be found than a glistening, almost transparent squid, with its bright, greenish eyes, and its flashing play of changing colors.

H. W. CONN.

PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY,
Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.



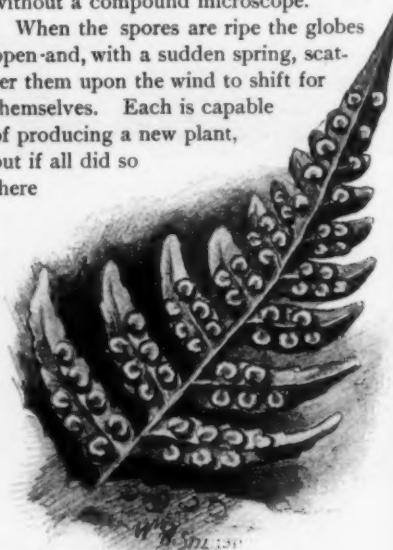
The Fern Baby

WE all know the grown-up ferns, regarded by many people as among the most beautiful objects with which Nature decorates the shaded cliffs and the borders of streams and ponds; but how many have ever seen a baby fern? Out under the oaks and maples are multitudes of their children, springing up among the fallen leaves where the trees have sown the seed; but under the ferns it is rare to find any fern children. It is as if Nature reasoned that plants so beautiful in leaf would not need flowers, and therefore gave them none. But without some kind of a flower we can have no seed, and we must have seed to raise a new crop of plants. Since the ferns do not bear flowers, their method of getting new plants once seemed very mysterious. In former times the people never found out how it was done, and to the end of their days ascribed many singular powers to this fern-seed.

While ferns do not bear true seeds, they must, of course, produce something that answers the purpose of seeds. These substitutes are found on the backs of the grown fern-leaves in many kinds, and appear like small dots or lines. Many people fancy them to be tiny bugs, without stopping to consider that no bugs

would be arranged so regularly on all parts of the leaf. By placing a single dot under a magnifier, we may see at once that it is a cluster of tiny stalked globes. Within these globes are a great many still smaller one-celled bodies called spores, too small to be properly seen without a compound microscope.

When the spores are ripe the globes open and, with a sudden spring, scatter them upon the wind to shift for themselves. Each is capable of producing a new plant, but if all did so



THE SPORE CLUSTERS ARE FOUND ON THE BACKS OF FULL-GROWN FERN-LEAVES, AND APPEAR LIKE SMALL DOTS OR LINES.

would doubtless be more ferns than other plants, for a single fern produces millions of spores every

10
se
gr
T
be
th
sc
is
a
the
un
all
fr
co

ARRA
ON

as
a
sin
exp
is
no
glas
spon
and
will
char
whic
on
the
fine
fore
spore
bake
destro
of
as o
migh
fore
choke
just a
overru
garden
the sa
placed
or saud
be th
moiste

season. Many, however, fall upon unfavorable ground, and a host of tiny insects eat others. Those that escape and find a suitable place soon begin to grow by putting forth a tiny green thread that broadens into a heart-shaped green scale no larger than one's little-finger nail. This is as near as the fern ever comes to producing a flower. After a while a tiny frond appears at the notch in the scale, and later others follow, until the new fern is well started in life. It usually takes several months to get as far as the first frond, and often several years before the fern is completely grown up. This seems a long while

when compared with many of our garden plants, which come to full size from seed in a few months.



ARRANGEMENT OF SPORE DOTS
ON THE TIP OF A LEAF.

as seldom to be noticed out of doors, but it is a simple matter to grow them in the house and experiment with them at one's leisure. All that is needed is a saucer or pan, a piece of clear glass, and a few handfuls of sand. To obtain spores one has only to collect fruited fern-leaves and place them between papers. The globes will very soon discharge the spores, which will appear on the paper as a fine powder. Before sowing the spores it is best to bake the sand to destroy the seeds of other plants, as otherwise they might grow before the ferns and choke them out, just as the weeds overrun neglected gardens. After the sand has been placed in the pan or saucer it should be thoroughly moistened and the

spores carefully scattered upon it. The saucer is then covered with the glass and set in a shady place. It must be kept moist and prevented from getting chilled. In a few weeks

a green film will appear on the sand, and the green scales slowly grow larger, and then one by one the young fronds will appear.

WILLARD N.
CLUTE.



MAGNIFIED VIEW OF ONE OF THE DOTS.

MAKING THE SQUIRRELS USEFUL.

ONE of our older friends, who says he still enjoys ST. NICHOLAS as he did years ago, sends us the following:

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are a great many squirrels about our place, and they are very tame. They eat the seeds of the pine-cones, and later some of the maple seeds, and sometimes dig out the seeds of apples. We have a large black walnut-tree in our yard, and in the fall the squirrels know when the nuts will do to take. Some they eat on the spot, but they take away a great many and bury them in the ground, and pat it down so smooth that the place can't be found by one who has seen them put the nuts in.

This last autumn one of these squirrels had picked a fine nut from the very top of the tree, when our man threw a stone at the squirrel, which frightened him into dropping it. But pretty soon Mr. Squirrel found he was n't hurt, and picked another nut from the top of the tree, and the man threw another stone, and Mr. Squirrel dropped the second nut. After a while the squirrel picked a third nut, which a third stone brought down, and this was kept up until that squirrel had picked thirty-one nuts from the top of the tree, all of which he had been made to drop. Then he gave it up as a bad job, and our man secured thirty-one nuts from the top of the tree.

This device, to be successful, requires the squirrel to be tame enough not to be frightened too much by a stone, and that the stone shall be thrown near enough to frighten but not to hit the squirrel. Probably girls could n't throw a stone accurately enough for that.

S.

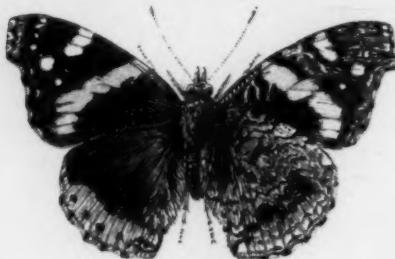
From the standpoint of the man, this proved very successful. What do you suppose the squirrel thought about such experiments?



THE BABY FERN (GROWING FROM
THE GREEN LEAF-LIKE SCALE,
WITH ROOT ATTACHED).

NOVEL EXPERIENCE WITH A BUTTERFLY.

As most people think of them, butterflies are the best types of thoughtlessness in the whole range of animal life. They live, as we know,



THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.

Female. Right wing reversed to show under side.

but apparently with no real purpose. Theirs but to dance until they die. Of course, no creature exists without having an important part to play in Nature's plan. The student of natural history must never be led away by mere appearances when studying the varied forms of wild life out of doors.

That even a butterfly has a mind of its own I think was shown recently, when, while sitting in my boat writing, a "red admiral" alighted on the end of my pencil. I continued to write, after a moment's pause, but the motion of my hand did not disconcert the butterfly. Then, curious as to the result, I lifted it away; but it immediately returned. I shook it off a second time, but it flew only a few inches from my head, and distinctly clicked its wings, which action seemed to jerk the creature upward three or four times its length. The butterfly was angry, and I remembered what Scudder, our authority on these insects, had said of them in regard to traces of intelligence. I rubbed a little sweetened chocolate on the end of the pencil, and resumed my writing. Straightway the butterfly returned, and I think enjoyed sipping at the sweets I offered. Then I suddenly removed the pencil and substituted another. What a fuss the butterfly made! Where, it wondered, was that chocolate? As quickly I replaced the first pencil I had used, and the

butterfly's whole manner changed. It no longer clicked its wings, fretted, and fussed, as before, but was quite contented, and stood for fully five minutes on the pencil's end while I wrote.

I had now to change my position, and took up the oars; but the butterfly was not willing to part company so soon. It followed me for many rods down the stream, often alighting on my shoulder, and once on my hand. It was still in hopes of finding more chocolate. When I stopped rowing and took out my note-book, I used the pencil without the sweetened end. The butterfly soon found it, and discovered, too, it was not the one it was hunting for. Again it flitted nervously about and clicked its wings. It was plainly scolding me for being so careless. This incident showed clearly enough that butterflies are much more than a pair of wings with just enough body to hold them together. As others have noticed, they play, get angry, pleased again, and continue their sports. If the student will but exercise pa-



SCENE OF THE BUTTERFLY EXPERIENCE.

tience, he will find that the "giddy, thoughtless butterfly" has a mind of its own.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

TRENTON, N. J.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."

THE thoughtful boy or girl is the real broad-minded inquirer. Many things in this world are new and strange. In school, at work, at play, in the woods, fishing in lake or brook,

reading an interesting book—everywhere you will find things you do not understand. Sometimes you ask the grown-up people; but often they get tired of answering, or they think the questions foolish: for,

as you have probably discovered, many people think a question foolish just because they know the answer. When they know a thing, they often think, of course, any one else ought to know it, although they found it out but the day before. Perhaps for this or other reasons you don't ask as many questions of your grown-up friends as you did when you were a few years younger; but you think of just as many—probably of more.

Now is the time to ask questions; cultivate the habit, and stick to it. As you grow older, *continue to observe, to think, and to ask questions.* Don't let your thoughts be wholly confined to the affairs to which you must give chief attention. Nature is an excellent field for this life-long outside thinking and question-asking, for everywhere there are natural objects which we can never fully understand.

Questions and answers of *general interest* will be published in this department as far as space permits, but in all cases reply will be made by mail promptly when the inquiry is accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. No questions will be regarded as too simple or as requiring too much research to answer.



THE PRAYING-MANTIS.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you about an insect called "praying-mantis." It is funny-shaped, with a triangular face, and a long neck with two legs about half-way up its neck, with teeth all the way up them. With these it eats or holds its food. It has a queer long body, but the lower legs I don't remember so plainly. It eats very queerly. It takes a caterpillar and eats all the inside of the caterpillar, beginning at the middle of the back. When it is through, only the skin is left. It will take a fly, pull off the fly's legs and wings with his front hands or legs (which are on its neck), and eat the rest. I send you a drawing of it as nearly as I can get it. It never eats any leaves so far as I know, but eats all the injurious bugs which come on mama's plants. We first found them on our orange-trees. Mama left them on there because they kept the other insects off. We have never seen any of their eggs. Some mantes are a light brown and some are green.

It gets its name from the way it holds itself sometimes. It seems to stand on its lower legs, like a person, and hold its paws on its neck as if it were praying. I don't know what the word "mantis" means. It is very interesting to watch them. I have spent a long time in studying them. Last summer I went to the country and did not find any. That is the reason I cannot describe it so fully as I wanted to. Hoping you will give me some information about it through the ST. NICHOLAS, I remain,

Your interested reader,

GERTRUDE BUCKINGHAM.

The word *mantis* is Greek, meaning a prophet. The scientific name of one species is *Mantis religiosa*, which means a religious prophet. The mantis is certainly pious in attitude, but in reality the only prayer that would ever enter his mind is that some insect may come so near that he may grab it with his claws and have a meal.

The other common names are devil-horses, rear-horses, camel-crickets, and mule-killers. This last is from an absurd belief that the dark-colored saliva ejected from their mouths is fatal to the mule. The family called *Mantidae* abounds chiefly in



THE PRAYING-MANTIS.

tropical countries, but a few species are found in our Southern States. The insect crouches among the leaves of trees and shrubs.

SAW A SKUNK IN THE WOODS.

MALDEN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have discovered an animal in the woods of which I do not know the name. It has a small head, bead-like eyes, small ears, and is about a foot long, with a bushy tail about as long as its body. It is about like marble cake, being streaked with white



THE "ANIMAL IN THE WOODS."

all over its dark body, and, while the boys maintain it is a woodchuck, mama declares that it is a skunk.

Although rather ashamed to confess it, I have not until now developed an interest in old Mother Nature and her wonderful works.

Yours sincerely,
FOSTER PARKER.

Many forms of animal life, as we have seen, resemble their surroundings for *protection*. Here is exactly the opposite—a conspicuous color, unlike the surroundings, as a *warning*. The skunk's protection is not in hiding from other animals, but in being seen as clearly as possible by its white stripes, even in the night, when it goes forth to seek food. The skunk evidently knows the terrible power of his abominable scent-glands and the fetid fluid that is his great weapon of defense, for he "carries his big bushy tail erect over his back defiantly and threatening, like the black banner of a bloody pirate. He is a black-and-white terror," as other animals and the farmer and his boys too often learn to their sorrow.

Yet the skunk is a friend to the farmer in the destruction of many insects. It is natural that skunks should be disliked by other animals, but it is indeed strange that the farmer should be so short-sighted that he rarely lets slip an opportunity to kill one. Strange as it may seem, when the scent-glands are removed the skunk is a most charming pet, with very interesting traits. Dr. C. Hart Merriam writes:

Skunks, particularly when young, make very pretty pets, being attractive in appearance, gentle in disposition, interesting in manners, and cleanly in habits—rare qualities indeed! They are playful, sometimes mischievous, and manifest considerable affection for those who have the care of them. I have had, at different times, ten live skunks. Many of our mammals are noted for their beauty and attractive appearance, but among them it would be difficult to find a prettier beast than the skunk.

It is amusing to note the difference of opinion regarding the skunk, some people, even many residing in the large cities, desiring them as pets, and others maintaining toward them the most intense dislike and desire to kill them at every opportunity. These extremes of favor and aversion apply to appearance as well as to habits. Contrast the above from Dr. Merriam with the following from Professor Hornaday—both very eminent naturalists and acknowledged authorities regarding animals:

To me he seems the meanest and wickedest-looking animal for his size that I ever saw. Instead of having a head shaped like those of other mammals, his is conical, like the end of a half-burned stick. His jet-black color, which is intensified by his pure white markings, and his snake-like, glittering black eyes, make him look like a veritable imp from the Bad Place.

"When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" For the present the young folks may safely leave pet skunks to the scientists!

WATCHING THE BABY ROBINS.

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in birds. I love to see them build their nests. Robins built their nest near my home, and would fly back and forth with bits of hay and straw for the nest. In about a week or two, one fine spring morning, I saw four pretty eggs in the nest. Then, after that, I watched them every day until I heard a "peep, peep, peep," and, walking toward the sound, came to the nest and looked in, and then—what do you think I



A YOUNG ROBIN VENTURING FORTH FROM HOME
FOR ITS FIRST JOURNEY.

saw but four little birds! Then I saw the mother bird bring them worms and various insects, and then four hungry mouths opened for the food.

Last season I watched some young robins until the first of October. One fall day I saw them fly away toward the south, and I never saw the birds again.

GEORGE NEWELL HURD.
(Age 9.)

Both parent birds work very steadily and industriously in supplying worms for the little robins. One bird-student fed several young robins in captivity, and found that each ate nearly once and a half its own weight of worms in twelve hours.

USES OF THE SQUIRREL'S TAIL.

HOTEL ALMO, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been watching the red squirrels. I think they are very interesting. I went out in the woods so that I could watch them. I could not at first find one anywhere. I looked carefully among the trees, and then I listened. In a few minutes I heard something make a noise on the

dry leaves. It was an acorn that a squirrel had thrown from the trees. I went to the place where the acorn dropped, and saw him sitting there.

When a squirrel sits he holds his tail up in the air close to his back, and when he runs he holds it out straight. Will you please tell me why that is?

I remain your loving reader,
HELEN GREENE.
(Age 10.)

The tail of a squirrel is not merely for ornament. It aids him in jumping, having somewhat the effect of a parachute in breaking the force of the fall; and it serves as a cloak, lying over his back while he sits or sleeps. He holds it out straight or nearly straight behind in running, for in that position it meets with the least resistance from the air.

BEAUTIFUL FUNGI ON A LOG.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a beautiful curiosity to-day, which I thought I would write and tell you about. Last spring one of our cherry-trees was cut down, and the logs had been lying piled up on the north side of our woodhouse all summer. When grandma went out to-day, she brought in some wood, and among these logs was one covered with fungi. It is so pretty that I send you a little sketch of it. They look almost like flowers, and are delicately shaded in black and gray. I like the Nature and Science department very much, as I am fond of flowers and animals.

MARY R. HUTCHINSON.
(Age 13.)

The drawing you send excellently shows the fringe arrangement of the beautiful growths which belong, as shown by the specimens, to a family known to scientists as *Polyporus*. Some young folks call them "fairy shelves." Many



ARRANGEMENT OF THE FRINGES OF FUNGI ON THE LOG.

members of the family are of beautiful orange color, shaded in delicate tints, and often encircled by two delicately blending rings of white.

THE
ST.
NICHOLAS
LEAGUE
FOR
AUGUST.

LIVE TO LEARN AND
LEARN TO LIVE.



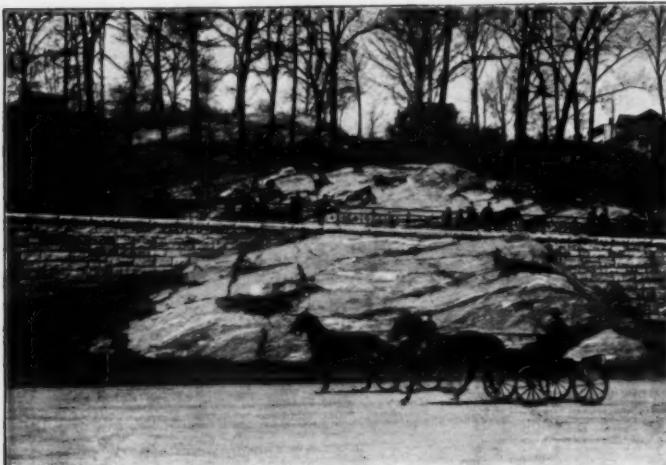
"STUDY FROM NATURE." BY LAURENCE M.
SIMMONDS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

SOME of the League members would like to know about the number of contributions received, and where lies the best chance of winning a prize.

As a general answer to this, we would suggest that the best chance of winning lies in doing that which we most wish to do, and feel that we can do best, regardless of what others are doing. As a specific answer, we may say that of wild-animal and bird photographs fewest are received, and a good one is almost certain to be used, even if it does not win a prize. Next to this

come fine puzzles and perfect puzzle-answers, though these are on the increase. Fewer of poems are received than of drawings, and fewer drawings than stories. In fact, the number of stories received is so great as to be almost overwhelming, and it occurs to the editor that if some of the members who consider it very easy to write prose would try verse, or drawing, or photography, or the puzzle department, for a change, the result might be more satisfactory all round.

For the writing of prose is not merely the putting together of words, to tell with as little effort as possible some commonplace incident, but it is the telling of it in some attractive way, fresh, simple, and straightforward, and making it seem real and alive to the reader. Or, if the story is imaginative, it must still be told so as to seem real, even though it be a fairy story, or one such as "Prince Robin's Picnic," the beautiful little tale that this month wins a cash prize. It is only when there is something very new or startling in the way of incident to be told that the telling does not so much matter, and even then the better the telling the better the tale. The writers of really good prose are few, even fewer, perhaps, than those who draw, or the writers of musical, pretty verses.



"HORSES IN MOTION." BY LOUIS T. DORING, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

VACATION DAYS.

WHEN the exquisite beams of the morning have kindled the sky with their glory Like a crimson-flamed northern aurora that shifts o'er the sky in the winter, Like a setting of ruby and sapphire in the coquettish heart of an opal, Then sing, little bird; let your notes drop like dew on the lips of the flowers. The murmuring trees and the brooklet will join you in happiest music, And whisper the one to the other, " 'T is summer and school-days are over." When the moon parts a cloudlet of purple and shines thro' the rift of its making And swings in its gold-tinted path like a globe hung high in the heavens, I wander away to the pasture and hear the hoarse frog and the fireflies, Wee yellow ghosts, flit thro' the grasses. The night wind says softly in passing, " Oh, what is so rare as vacation? The young and the old know its gladness. Let care take swift wings, for 't is summer, and nature in beauty is perfect."

ALMA JEAN WING (AGE 17).
(Winner of gold and silver badges.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 20.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Cash prize, Constance Fuller (age 14), 80 Court St., Exeter, N. H.

Gold badge, Carl Bramer (age 16), 105 N. 9th St., Watertown, Wis.

Silver badges, Edith Jarvis (age 13), 187 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jeannette C. Klauder (age 15), Bala, Pa.

PROSE. Cash prize, Helen L. White (age 14), 102 W. 93d St., New York City.

Gold badges, Ruth M. Peters (age 14), 55 Freeport St., Dorchester, Mass., and Mary Shier (age 10), 513 Forest Ave., Ypsilanti, Mich.

Silver badges, Denison H. Clift (age 15), San Anselmo, Cal., and Julia F. Kinney (age 13), 214 Main St., Binghamton, N. Y.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Morrow Wayne Palmer (age 17), 4005 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., and Laurence M. Simmonds, 307 W. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, Mary Alice Clark (age 14), 135 Lafayette Ave., Passaic, N. J., and Nancy Barnhart (age 12), 4221 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badge, Louis T. Doring (age 15), 805 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.

Silver badges, Marion Farnsworth (age 12), 74 Garfield St., North Cambridge, Mass., and Yvonne Stoddard (age 10), 457 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Wild Ducks," by Grace Tetlow (age 11), Allen Lane and Green St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Second prize, "Screech-owl," by William D. Milne (age 15), Lexington, Mass.

Third prizes, "Squirrel," by Elizabeth L. Marshall (age 14), 60 N. State St., Concord, N. H., and "Fish-hawk," by Roland S. Child (age 14), 129 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, Mary L. Brigham (age 15), 320 Park Ave., East Orange, N. J., and Margaret Juliet Shearer (age 13), 117 E. 54th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Dagmar Florence Curjel (age 12), 18 Welbeck Rd., Birkdale, Southport, Lancashire, England, and Vera Matson, 113 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Rachel Rhoades (age 12), 912 California Ave., Urbana, Ill., and Sidney F. Kimball (age 12), Box 12, East Milton, Mass.

Silver badges, Louise Atkinson (age 14), Alvin, Tex., and Eleanor R. McClees (age 15), Toms River, N. J.

PRINCE ROBIN'S PICNIC.

BY HELEN L. WHITE (AGE 14).

(Cash Prize.)

LITTLE Prince Robin was taking his morning walk in the palace park. On either side of him walked two stately nurses; behind came his tutor, gray and bent; then four merry pages in gay attire; and last, six sturdy yeomen, their halberds resting heavily on their shoulders.

No matter what the little prince did, the attendants must do the same. So when he started to catch butterflies, the nurses would frown and scold, the tutor complain, the yeomen grumble and growl; but, nevertheless, they all ran around in every direction and caught butterflies—the laughing-stock of the knights and ladies who were strolling about. But this morning, as fate would have it, the little prince felt drowsy, so he sat down on a knoll beneath an oak-tree and closed his eyes. Straightway the pages, nurses, yeomen, and tutor settled themselves in various comfortable attitudes on the grass, and were soon snoring peacefully.

The July sun was high in the heavens when Prince Robin opened his eyes. He glanced at his slumbering guards, and crept stealthily away to the gates of the park.

Two little peasants in blue smocks were passing by, carrying a large basket. He knew they were bound for the woods, and wished he were with them. Then the thought occurred, Why should he not go? The next minute he had joined the couple in the road. "Let me go with you," he cried eagerly. The surprised boys assented, and they soon reached the woods, chatting



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY NANCY BARNHART,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"HORSES IN MOTION." BY YVONNE STODDARD, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A WHITE MOUNTAIN TROTTER." BY MARION FARNESWORTH,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

merrily. The little prince was a prince no longer, but an ordinary boy.

He waded in the brook with the little peasants; he gathered berries and nuts; he made mud-pies on the banks of the stream; and then sat down to a simple meal of bread and honey and berries, which he thought was the best he had ever tasted.

It was a very dirty, mud-bespattered, berry-stained, shoeless, hatless, wet, but thoroughly happy little boy who made his way down the road as the sun was sinking lingeringly behind the hills, as if loath to leave the pleasant scenes it had witnessed that eventful day.

Prince Robin did not mind the frowns and scoldings and lectures which he had to listen to when finally captured by his frightened attendants; for had he not been to a picnic, something which no other prince had ever witnessed or enjoyed?

VACATION DAYS.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER (AGE 14).

(Cash Prize.)

EACH morning at breakfast, before we are done,
My brothers slip off and away;
A rush in the hall, and a slam of the door,
And they're gone for the rest of the day.

We see them no more in the house or the yard;
From civilized places they flee:
But woe to the woodchuck behind the stone wall!
And woe to the fish in the sea!

But at sunset they lazily drag themselves home,
The spoils of the day in their hands:
A cupful of berries, or two or three eels,
Or a starfish they found on the sands.

Their bare legs are scratched, and their blouses are torn;
Their faces are covered with grime;
'T is a gruesome appearance indeed they present,
But they've had just a glorious time!

Thus passes the whole long vacation away,
By mountain and sea-shore and pool,
Till with faces all sunburnt and minds all refreshed
They come back in the autumn to school.

ON A DAY IN VACATION.

BY CARL BRAMER (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

ONCE in vacation softly did I lie
Upon the velvet bank, in the cool shade;
It was a pleasant, pleasant day, and all
Was beautiful, and of unwonted charm;
And not unwilling, I did yield myself
Unto the spell of the enchanting scene.
And thus the thoughts from out my soul did rise:
O Nature, thou art noble, thou art holy!
My heart doth swell with praises of thy beauty,
And underneath these long affectionate branches
I deeply drink of thy sweet influence.
Here do the happy birds sing all the day,
The busy bee doth sip the honeyed dew,
And the tall trees do wag them noisily.
The flowing stream doth make his lucid way
Adown the rocks in playful-happy measures;
The distant hills do melt into the blue,
Where some stray cloud doth hang all motionless;
And the bright sun in heaven doth smile serene.
Thy beauty, Nature, it is inexpressive;
In thee are traces of a loftier life!

JOHN'S PICNIC.

BY RUTH M. PETERS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

JOHN had never been to a picnic. He was five years old, and the one regret of his short life was this unfulfilled desire. Always when we went on one of these delightful trips he had been ill. This year was not to be an exception. On the appointed day, John, as usual, was sick. "Mumps this time. But, to cheer and console, he was given a bright silver dollar to spend "just as he pleased." A rash permission this proved.



"NOT HIS NATURAL HOME." BY SIDNEY D. GAMBLE, AGE 10.

A few days later, on the Fourth of July, after a brief conversation with his near neighbor, Tommy Bent, just before lunch, he disappeared. He did not return till nearly night. He was pale, seemed tired, refused ice-cream, created consternation by declining to remain up to see the fireworks, and to all questions as to where he had been and what was the matter, merely replied that he had been to a picnic, and now he wanted to go to bed.

In the night John was ill, with good reason, as afterward ascertained.

For when he recovered his health and good humor he explained. "I asked Tommy Bent," he said, "what they did at the picnic, and he said they jumped and hollered and eat all the nice things they wanted."

Now, it was John's delight to make a noise, and he was fond of delicacies, both likings being held in restraint by loving relatives; and he felt so badly at having missed so much fun that he took his dollar and went over to Auntie Dean's store and spent every cent in fruit and candy. Such a lot he must have had! The boys were all away; he could n't get any one to go with him, so off he went into Baker's Wood all alone.

He said first he jumped and hollered, then he ate some bananas; then he jumped and hollered some



"WILD DUCKS." BY GRACE TETLOW, AGE 11. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"SCREECH-OWL." BY WILLIAM D. MILNE, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"FISH-HAWK NEST." BY ROLAND S. CHILD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

badges or leaflets may obtain new ones on application.

NOTICE.

Members of the League who have lost or mislaid their

more, and ate the candy; and so on until he could n't either jump or eat any more. No wonder he did n't want ice-cream!

However, he left some of his dainties for us. We found them next day under a tree; but the candy and cake were covered with ants, who were feasting on it.

John has entirely lost his desire to go to a picnic, but we hope to take him to one this summer, unless he should have measles at the time.

he was hiding in the rushes, a large green frog jumped on a lily-leaf and said, "Kerchunk, kerchunk!" Two-

Cents's pursuers were near, and he felt that the frog was telling on him; so he grabbed it, and out of pure wickedness killed it and skinned the green legs—not thinking any more about it than you would a stick. He looked experimentally at the cool white legs. Then he cooked them, took a big bite, and found that they tasted very good.

Two-Cents made a net of rushes and set to work catching frogs. At night, when his pursuers were not watching, he slipped up to the camp. He gave a great feast, and in-



"SQUIRREL." BY ELIZABETH L. MARSHALL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

THE MOON.

MAY L. PARKER (AGE 7).
Oh, look at the moon;
She is shining up there.
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

THE FIRST FROGS'-LEGS PICNIC.

BY MARY SHIER (AGE 10).
(Gold Badge.)

THE Up-the-River Indians were having a feast. (They did n't call it a picnic.) This is the way it happened. Their chief had been killed at the battle of High-Banks, where the Walpool Young-Chief won the day.

He had no successor, so all the braves in the tribe were competing; for the council had decided that the man who did the bravest thing should be chief.

Two-Cents had been skulking in the marsh. The day was hot and the wind was asleep. The river was smooth as glass except for a few lazy ripples through the reeds.

As Two-Cents leaned over his canoe, he saw the whole sky reflected strangely. The clouds looked like great buffaloes. He thought it must be the home of the Great Spirit, who gave the Indians glimpses on such days.

Two-Cents was a mean Indian, always more or less in trouble. As



"HANOVERIAN HORSES IN MOTION." BY FRANCIS G. FABIAN,
AGE 17.

vited all the Indians. They thought the legs were some new and strange bird, difficult and dangerous to catch. But when they found out they were nothing but frogs' legs, and that Two-Cents expected to be chief for discovering something new and good to eat, they laughed and said it was squaws' work.

The tribe ate frogs' legs ever after. But Two-Cents did n't get anything for his discovery, because the Indians did n't know about patents.

MY FIRST PICNIC.

BY JULIA F. KINNEY (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge*.)

I AM a small black-and-tan dog, and though I am of no high breed, my mistress often tells me that she never saw a prettier or nicer dog. In spite of my many charms, however, she has never taken me to but one picnic.

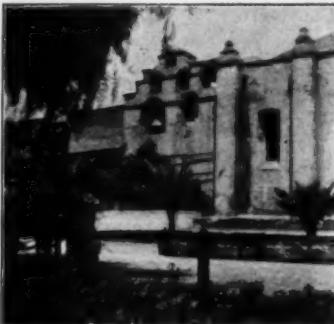
She was going one day with the rest of the family to a picnic, and as she did not like to leave me at home all alone, she took me with her to the city park where the picnic was to be.

I was delighted with the park; it was so cool and shady, and there were such nice little brooks and pools to wade in. I stepped into a brook to take a bath, but my mistress called me, and I had to go to her. Some girls screamed as I passed by, and said that they hated a wet dog. I paid no attention to them, but followed my mistress.

She went to the deer that were kept in the park, and I, thinking to get a nearer view of them, crawled under the fence, and went close to a pretty fawn. The creature bounded away, and I ran after it. I only wanted to have a little fun with it, and did n't mean to hurt it; but a man saw me, and caught hold of my collar and held me fast.

"Little girl," he said gruffly to my mistress, "don't you know that dogs ain't allowed in this park? I'll put this one where he won't get a chance to chase them deers."

Then my mistress, thinking that I would be killed, cried, and begged the man not to hurt me.



"SAN GABRIEL." (SEE ACCOMPANYING STORY.)

"Don't feel bad," he said, more kindly; "I'll jest tie him up till you get ready to go home."

He took me to an empty barn, tied me up, and left me. I had to stay there the rest of the day, and though I barked and whined, no one came near me until my mistress came to take me home.

I have never cared to go to another picnic since.

VACATION DAYS.

BY JEANNETTE C. KLAUDER (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge*.)

VACATION days have come at last;

The time of toil and work is o'er;
Without regret we see the past

As we traverse some sandy shore,
The harder we have worked before,
Thus we enjoy it more and more.

The sun so warm and bright doth shine;

We watch the billows rise and fall,
And reach us in a wavy line,
And beat against the lighthouse tall.
We wonder how we stayed so long—
All winter—from their roaring song.

As the white sails rise far and near

We wander up and down the shore;
We have no saddening thought or fear;
We hear the billows beat and roar.
And when the summer days do end,
To school again our way we'll bend.

A PICNIC TO SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

BY GERTRUDE HAWK (AGE 12).

ON Saturday morning, April 20, our Camera Club, numbering eight, met at Mrs. Post's house, where two carriages were waiting to take us to San Gabriel Mission.

We had a jolly ride of six miles, and reached the mission about eleven o'clock. We got out of the carriages and prepared to take some pictures.

The first was a chime of bells at the western end of the mission, which originally had six bells.

My next picture was of an old outside stairway leading to a choir-loft, near the entrance, which is on the side of the building.

This mission was founded by Father Serra, in 1771, so it is one hundred and thirty years old.

When we had taken our pictures we got into the carriages and drove to some shady place for our picnic. We all spread out our lunch on the ground, and had a jolly good time. After dinner we drove around awhile, and returned home after a very pleasant day.

VACATION DAYS.

BY THÉRÈSE H. McDONNELL (AGE 9).

OUR vacation is spent at the seaside,
And oh, it is lots of fun.

I honestly feel like crying

When our vacation is done.

We play we are looking for gold-mines;
But it is only for shells, you see.

And oh, the beautiful ones we find,
My little brother and me.
But I must bid you good-by now,
For my vacation is done;
I have to go back to my studies;
But oh, did n't we have fun!

OUR PICNIC.

BY ELEANOR ALBERTA ALEXANDER (AGE 9).

My little cousin's birthday was on New Year's Day, and we decided to have a picnic. No wonder it seems a funny time of year to have one, but this was in South Africa, where your winter is our summer. I woke up at four o'clock on the day, and lay still for a little while. At last I could wait no longer, so I jumped out of bed, woke my cousin, and we both began to dress. Now our governess slept next door, but we forgot this, and raised our voices above a whisper; in she came, scolded us, and said that we must go back to bed until seven o'clock. At ten o'clock the guests began to arrive. There were twenty-two of them—all the nice people of the neighborhood. We were to cross the Tugela (the river on which we lived) in a sailing-boat to a lovely beach. We started gaily to walk to the boat. When we were about a quarter of the way over, a little girl called Maud fell overboard. There was a general shriek, and we began to shout, "Help! man overboard!"—quite regardless that it was not a man, but a girl. She was dragged out by a boat-hook caught in her dress, and by the time that we were landing she was playing with us again. When we got on shore we were all eager to climb about. We ran into the wood and found a lot of blue and white flowers. The grown-ups had brought fishing-rods, but they were not using them, so I took one and tried if there were any fish in a stream that was there. I had not waited for a minute when I felt a pull, and out came a little fish. Not telling the others of my good fortune, I caught a lot. We had my fish for lunch, and they were very nice. After that we waded or bathed. I came out in ten minutes, it was so cold; the others followed soon after, shivering and dripping. Then we all proposed a game of follow-my-leader. When my cousin led, she did not look where she was going, and led us into a nest of wasps. I do not know how many there were, but we were all covered with them, and we rushed down to the beach crying, "Wasps! wasps!" A glance showed that it was "Wasps! wasps!" and they set to work to brush us. We all wanted to go home, as we had a lot of bites, and we returned a much sadder party than we had started.

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, or any one desiring to become such, is entitled to League membership, and may obtain badge and instructions on application, accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

A BABY'S PICNIC IN DREAMLAND.

BY HELEN A. COOK (AGE 12).

"GOOD-NIGHT, Baby Margery," said mama; or was it "good-by," as Margery, lying still in her pretty cradle, went floating, floating away out over the still white water.

One by one other cradles appeared, with babies in them, all laughing and gently rocking back and forth.

They crept nearer and nearer, till at last all Baby Margery could see was rows and rows of cradles with chubby babies in them.



"LANSDOWNE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, ENGLAND." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 12.

Margery laughed and clapped her hands, and shook her rattle, and all the babies jingled their bells, until at last one by one the cradles left, and gently floated away. Margery's cradle carried her back until she opened her eyes in her own little room.

"What has my Margery been doing?" came mama's voice. Margery gave a wise little coo.

"Picnics are no good with nothing to eat," said big brother Ted. But Margery knew better.

VACATION DAYS.

BY EDITH JARVIS (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

THE days of spring have passed away, and summer, with its golden sway,

Has come to reign once more.

The earth is fair, the sky is blue, and on the meadows shines the dew,

As ne'er it shone before.

All things rejoice; the world is gay; the children in their merry play Ring out their laughter clear.

Their days of toil are over now, and days of joy have come, I trow; Vacation-time is here.



"OUR COLTS." BY MARGUERITE JACKSON, AGE 14.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY MORROW WAYNE PALMER,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

VACATION DAYS.

BY FAY HARTLEY (AGE 11).

Oh, it's over the hills, and through the wood,
Where the ground with flowers is all ablaze,
With musical laugh and lunch-pail full;
For these are the merry vacation days.

Or it's out in the swing at the back of the house,
That merriest, jolliest play of plays;
And we'll have all the fun that we possibly can,
For these are the laughing vacation days.

DOBBIN'S LAST PICNIC.

BY DENISON H. CLIFT (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

OUT in the withered fields, surrounded by the fluctuating grass, searching every obscured nook for some tuft of green vegetation that might have escaped the blaze of the fierce August sun, wandered poor old Dobbin.

Many hard years of toil had he passed through, but now his paradise had come, and all day long he was wont to wander over the brown hills in search of any verdant spot or to lie down under the canopy of some large oak.

He was loved and kindly treated as an old friend by all the children in the Warner family. Thomas Warner had liberated him from all work, expecting he would die soon; but Dobbin's faithful past and the master's love for the old horse drove away all desire to end his life sooner.

One day about the middle of August Dobbin was lying down in some wilted grass, when his keen ears detected

the laughter and shouts of childish voices approaching him.

Soon five small children brimming with fun found the poor old horse, and running up to his side, one spoke in his ear:

"Dear old Dobbin, we're goin' to give you a reg'lar picnic, jes' like the one we gave you a year ago."

The children laid down their baskets of flowers and lunches, the equine sense seemed to understand, and she proceeded:

"You've been a good old horsie, Dobbin, and you know we all love you. We thank you for all the rides you gave us in the past, Dobbin, and now we are goin' to try and show it."

Then they made the poor old horse stand up, and they strung lines of wild flowers all over him, and hung a wreath of myrtle about his neck. Then they gathered corn-stalks and gave him some to eat, and shared their own lunch with him.

And how he enjoyed it!

He seemed more vigorous than he had been for a long time, and after dinner he galloped and frolicked with them as he had done in former days.

At last the red, slanting rays of the sun warned them that the day was waning, and so each bade old Dobbin an affectionate good-by and turned homeward.

But the poor old horse was too old to stand and that night the last time—a



old horse was much exertion, he lay down for happy old horse.

A ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE STORY.

BY KATHARINE E. BUTLER (AGE 10).

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Mabel Barry. Mabel was quite a little artist, and she used to draw little children.

One day she drew about six or seven pictures before breakfast, and her papa came in and looked them over. He thought they were very good, so he took them downstairs, and without looking at any of the rules, he sent the best one to the St. Nicholas League. He thought sure Mabel would get the prize, so he did n't tell her that he had sent it, so she would be surprised.

That day Mabel went away to the sea-shore to spend the day with a little girl friend of hers, and her small sister Louise.

Mabel was having a fine time when four o'clock was announced, and that young lady made her way home on the cars.

"Oh, oh, a new ST. NICHOLAS!" cried Mabel as soon as she stepped in. She took the beautiful magazine out on the piazza, her papa following, when he thought:

"Oh, no; it could n't have been in this magazine." So he went away.



"A SKETCH FROM LIFE." BY MARY ALICE CLARK,
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

When it was time for the next ST. NICHOLAS to come, Mabel's papa watched every time the letter-carrier came to the door.

At last the longed-for magazine appeared, and papa asked Mabel to read the prize-list.

"Dorothy Hazelton, Mary Fern, Ruth Atwood, Harry Brown, Francis Perry."

Here Mabel stopped.

"Go on," said her father.

"Why, that is all," replied Mabel.

"You must have read it wrong, then, for I know you had something."

"How could I? I did n't send anything!"

"Yes; I sent one of your pictures."

"Why, papa," cried Mabel, "they were n't any of them done in ink, and some of them were copies!"

"My child, where are the rules?" cried papa.

"In the League, of course," said Mabel. "And here it says, 'A reckless girl has sent in a picture done in pencil, and a copy of a picture that has been sent in before. Will Miss B— please be more careful next time?'"

MORAL.

Never send anything to the League without looking thoroughly over the rules!

VACATION DAYS.

BY GRACE MAGUIRE
(AGE 8).

VACATION days are coming,
The gladdest of the year,
When books and slates are laid aside,
And not a day is drear.
When these glad days are over
And back to school we go,
We think of our merry vacation
And how we loved it so.

MY CANARY-BIRD'S PICNIC.

BY PATTY PHILLIPS (AGE 11).

I HAVE a little canary-bird that I call "Dicky." He hangs in my room in front of the window. About six o'clock every morning I am awakened by his singing. I get up, shut my door, and put his bath-tub in the middle of the floor and fill it with water. I go to the cage and open the door, and out he darts, and flies around the room once or twice, and then lights on the edge of his bath-tub. I get back into bed, and he takes his bath while I lie watching him. When he is through, he flies to the top of his cage and preens himself, twittering all the time. I have a little jewel-case on my bureau, and he often sits on it and looks at himself in

the glass. After I am dressed and have had my breakfast, I clean his cage, giving him a piece of lettuce to eat while I am doing it. He is very fond of flying to the window-screen. While he is doing this, I quietly slip up and put the cage over his head. I hang him on his hook and he is done for the day. This is the kind of a picnic my bird enjoys.

IN VACATION DAYS.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 11).

THE buds have started long ago;
The pansies lift their faces;
Each hill and dale is mantled with
A robe of summer graces.

The maiden-hair and woodland's green,
Each living in its realm;
Forget-me-nots peep from behind

Some noble oak or elm.
Each meadow has its robe of green,
Each brooklet has its song,
Each daisy has its sheltered nook,
Without a thought of wrong.

The hand of nature guides their life—
A wondrous life indeed :
A life to beautify the world
Grows from a tiny seed.

A PLEASANT PICNIC.

BY F. B. RIVES (AGE 11).

JACK and Harry went out with their uncle, the other day, for a picnic. And this is what he told them:

"Boys, I am going to tell you how the oranges you are now eating came to be seedless.

"Twenty-five years ago there were no seedless, or navel, oranges. Nearly the entire orange product came from the Mediterranean coast, and California

yielded only five car-loads, worth \$23,000; now twenty thousand car-loads are produced, worth \$50,000,000, or more. This enormous trade is entirely made of navel oranges.

"The first seedless oranges were apparently freaks of nature. But in 1872 Mr. William F. Judson, the United States consul to Brazil, heard of a grove of these in a swamp. He sent a native to get some shoots, six of which he sent to the Agricultural Department at Washington, where they were soon forgotten.

"A Mr. Tibbets wished to start a fruit farm in California; and his wife, while at Washington, applied for specimens of shrubs and fruits. She received four of the shoots. When they had arrived at their ranch, two of the shoots had been killed, one by neglect, and the other had been chewed up by a cow.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY FRED M. DAN, AGE 16.
(WINNER OF GOLD AND CASH PRIZES.)



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY HELEN DE VEER, AGE 14.

"Five years after, the others had grown to large seedless trees. Mr. Tibbets found out the tree would not reproduce by shoots, but by grafting buds into the seedling trees, which then turned out seedless oranges. These buds were so largely demanded that people were willing to pay even one dollar for one. In one year, the Tibbets got fifteen thousand dollars for these buds, such was their value.

"The old, original navel orange trees are still on the Tibbets ranch, and are preserved with great care and veneration, as you may imagine."

VACATION DAYS.

BY ELEANOR HOLLIS MURDOCK (AGE 13).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

VACATION days are sunny and bright,
And merrily hums the bee;
The little birds sing with all their might,
And all is laughter and warmth and
light
(To a little maid up in a tree)!
The robins chirp midst the leafy
green,
And nibble the cherries red;
The orioles whistle, and turn, and
preen,
And a tiny breeze whispers and
plays unseen
(With a little maid nodding her
head)!
The great sun is far on his course
to the west;
The yellow chicks drowsily peep;
The mother bird gathers her young
in the nest,
And everything gently is lulling to
rest;
(And a little maid fast asleep)!

IN VACATION.

BY MYRA BRADWELL HELMER
(AGE 11).

I'm tired of the world and its pleasures,
And gold coming in by the measure.
Give me something new, something else to do;
Give to me the sweet, still country town,
Where every one is met by a smile, not a frown;
Give to me the simple country church, with people
dressed in modest style,



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY ETHEL BRAND, AGE 13.

Not the city church, where
oft they dress to show
off in the aisle.

Let me be awakened by the
crowing of the cock
Instead of the tones of a
much-used silver
clock;

Let me hear the little calves
and the little lambs say
"Baa!"

For this will do me much
more good than a trip
to Panama.

Oh, take the hothouse city
flowers away from my
sight,

And give to me the country ones that have God's rain
and light;

Give to me the hearty farmer, with his merry, laughing
jokes,

And the rickety old wagon with hardly any spokes;
I'd rather have that than the dude with the automobile,
With perfumed handkerchief, stupid head, and military
heel.

My ears are full and ringing
Of the songs the birds are singing;
And my only sorrow is,
And a very sad one 't is,
That the farmer will not let me pile up his golden hay,
Like the lads and lassies round here, chanting all a merry
lay.

Oh, what fun to catch the russet apples as they fall!
But one must hasten away to the farmer's wife's dinner-call.
Give to me the boiled dinner, with bread and preserves.
If I stay here so very long I shall soon regain my nerves.

VACATION DAYS.

BY CHARLOTTE MORRISON
(AGE 13).

VACATION days at last are here,
So shout and sing with gladsome
cheer,
And laugh and play the livelong
day,
And chase the thoughts of school
away.

Then leave the house, and leave
your books,
And leave your sad and sober looks,
And come and play among the
flowers
All the swift vacation hours.

Then jump your rope and spin your
top,

And leap and run and skip and hop,
And dance upon the soft green grass,
And chase the butterflies that pass.

And when 't is time for school again
And in your heart you feel a pain,
Just think that summer never dies
And cheerless winter quickly flies.

VACATION DAYS.

BY L. A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 9).

BUTTERFLIES contribute grace,
The birds have brought us song;



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE."
BY MATSY WYNN, AGE 15.

Waving grasses find their
place
In summer's joyful
throng;

And you have done your
duty,
O flowers sweet and
fair:
In offering your beauty
You've borne your
happy share.

CHAPTERS.

No. 95 calls for ten new
badges.

No. 248 has grown so fast
that new badges are wanted.
The members are much interested
in the League, and read
the *St. NICHOLAS* at every
meeting.

The members of 301 are also
much interested in League
work, and look forward to each
meeting.

No. 307. Glenn Priestly, President; Percy Yewdale, Secretary; nine members. Address, 379 Granfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
No. 308. "Pen and Pencil Club." C. A. Miller, President; Neil Wilson, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Hotel Metropole, Oakland, Cal.
No. 309. Georgia Warner, President; Lydia Brown, Secretary; four members. Address, Melrose Institute, Haltville, Md.

No. 310. Fluellen Plant, President; Helen Dykeman, Secretary; six members. Address, 537 Orange St., Macon, Ga. No. 310 would like suggestions for programme. How would a fishing party do at this season, with each member to write, or draw, or photograph something about it for the next chapter meeting?

No. 311. "Busy Bee." Cora Cutler, President; R. Ethel Gattman, Secretary; six members. Address, 472 Mount Hope Pl., Tremont, New York City.

No. 312. Besie Ballard, Secretary; six members. Address, 324 S. Main St., Washington Court House, O.

No. 313. Margaret Elliott, President; Selys Hoeger, Secretary; seven members. Address, 731 4th Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No. 314. "The Sun Rays." Dorothy Stratton, President; Blanche Palmer, Secretary; four members. Address, 117 W. 86th St., N. Y. City.

No. 315. Robert McDonald, President; Clarkson Miller, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Lock Box 21, West Liberty, Ia.

No. 316. Jonathan Sawyer, President; Katharine Brown, Secretary. Address, 106 Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y.

No. 317. "Rosebud Chapter." Cecilia Kaftal, President; four members. Address, 123 E. 110th St., New York City. Will read *St. NICHOLAS* and "enter gladly into the competitions."

No. 318. "Jolly Club." Ruth Cotton, President; Mildred Tolles, Secretary; ten members. Address, 906 S. River St., Eau Claire, Wis. The Jolly Club meets twice a month. Colors, blue and gold."

No. 319. "Mount Morris Chapter." David Galwey, President; Frances Galwey, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, 15 W. 123d St., New York City.

No. 320. Gladys Jackson, President; three members. Address, 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 321. Julia Temple, President; Lucia Temple, Secretary; six members. Address, Walton, N. Y.

No. 322. "Oceana Chapter." Elsie Hayes, Secretary; six members. Address, Long Beach, Cal. Games and studying the life and works of popular authors, form a part of 322's programme. Little plays and entertainments will come later.



"MAMA'S FLOWER-CHILD." BY DOROTHY E. HAYNES,
HARRISBURG, PA.

No. 323. Anna Roane, President; Maggie Hughes, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Grenada, Miss.

No. 324. "H. O." Irma Clayburgh, President; Edith Gengenbheim, Secretary; seven members. Address, 2297 Laguna St., San Francisco, Cal. "Lots of fun" at the meetings of 324. An hour and a half of *St. NICHOLAS*, and then discussion and play.

No. 325. "The Pasquenay." Carol Everett, President; Helen Bigelow, Secretary; eight members. Address, 68 Cedar St., Worcester, Mass. Meets every Tuesday at members' houses. No. 325 will send us a picture of the members soon, and would be glad to correspond with other chapters.

No. 326. "Napoleon Bonaparte Chapter." Georgia Warner, President; Eunice Hughes, Secretary; six members. Address, Melrose Institute, Wynterville, Md. Meets Thursdays and reads *St. NICHOLAS* by turns. Then tries to solve the puzzles. Would like to correspond with other chapters.

No. 327. "Cycle Club." Edith Boyd, Secretary; three members. Address, 75 Front St., Montreal, P. Q., Canada. Meets once a fortnight for a cycle ride. Dues, ten cents each meeting.

No. 328. "Lodi Chapter." Florence Senn, President; Ursula Horton, Secretary; nine members. Address, Forestville, N. Y. Meets Monday evenings, and has one-cent dues to have fun with later. Members play outdoor games, and would like to correspond with other chapters.

No. 329. "Amateur Dramatic Club." Florence Loveland, Secretary; five members. Address, 53 E. 37th St., Chicago, Ill. Will give enjoyable evenings to friends, and would like a good play, not very long and with not more than five characters. Suggestions concerning such a play would be gladly received.

No. 330. "Menunkatuck." Katherine Foote, President; Laura Dudley, Secretary; seven members. Address, P. O. B. 41, Guilford, Conn.

No. 331. "Jolly Crowd." David Skillman, President; Edith Aldrich, Secretary; nine members. Address, 1809 Christian St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 332. Lillian Jackson, President; Mildred Betts, Secretary; five members. Address, 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 333. Elmer Blaine, President; William Kiddoo, Secretary; four members. Address, Hollisburg, Kan.

No. 334. "H. D. K." Anna Hastings, President; Harry Hastings, Secretary; seven members. Address, 69 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY L. PALENSKE, AGE 16.

ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE.

Laura E. Dudley
William Carey Hood
Willamette Partridge
Elsie N. Gutman
Claudia Stella Blount
Marcia L. Webber
Katherine M. Schmucker
Dorothea Posegate
Grace Burke
Tina Gray
Grace Buchanan
Elford Eddy
M. Letitia Stockett
Isabel Louise Towner
Oscar R. Graves
Marguerite M. Hillery
Helen K. Stockton
Helen Becker
Helen Nixon
Harriet Bailey Bronner
Elizabeth Camp
Lucy Poole
Ethelmay Yale
Florence Short
Edith Guggenheim
Alice O. J. Mills
Caroline Clinton Everett
Maude E. Peters
Enza Alton Zeller
Frederica Buckley
Bertha Brown
Anna Campbell
Benj. F. McGuckin
W. Gleane
Frances Dawson
Catherine Lee Carter
Eleanor Myers
Gertrude Maloney
June Deming
Ida Silverman
Dorothy E. Haynes
Ester W. Foote
Millie Hess
Marjorie Reid
Katherine T. Halsey
Christina Canfield

PROSE.

Harry Armstrong
Marguerite Wilmer
Jamie Sibley
Winifred Dean
Emma Bugbee
Louise Sharp

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

RODNEY C. JONES wants to know if pictures of rats may be entered in the wild-animal photograph competition.

On the whole, we think not. The purpose is to encourage the pursuit of game with a camera instead of a gun, and while rats are game, in one sense, their preservation is hardly to be desired. It is said that every thing, even mosquitoes, may serve some good purpose, and this is doubtless true of rats, too, but thus far the League has been unable to decide just what this good purpose is, and until it does so, we do not believe that rat pictures could legitimately be entered in our competitions.

In this connection we may say that a Cuban reader has written to ask if the photograph of a Spanish flea would be admissible. He assures us that the said flea is sufficiently wild, and that it appears to have found its "natural home" at a certain point on his left shoulder-blade, where it is impossible to reach him in the ordinary manner. The reader is willing to pursue him with

Margaret Wilkie Gilholm
Mary Thompson
Jacob Jarden Guenther
Jeanette E. Perkins
A. B. Toppa
Bessie S. Dean
Emma S. Hawksridge
Florence J. Mason
Henry Sokolansky
S. R. MacVeagh
Gwendolen Gray Perry
Helen L. Collins
Alice C. Dean
Maggie Camp
Walter S. Underwood
M. Mae Brown
Alberta Cowgill
Eva Wilson
Ethel Lee
Guy Richards Crump
May Frasher
Pauline Baker
Pearce Charles Johnson
Marguerite S. White
Madge Falcon
Jessie Hofstetter
Elizabeth Heald
Irene L. Miles
Adele J. Connally
Lula M. Messinger
Mary Beale Brainerd
Helen S. Lang
Helen Harris
Margaret Clarey
Mary Grace King
Isabel Hinton
Adeline E. Stone
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Beth Howard
Mabel B. Clark
Walter S. Bartlett
Nellie Little McCul-
loch
Cora D. Robertson
Bernard R. Naun-
berg
Winifred T. Jones
Isabel Underwood
Matthew Schwimmer
Irene Kawin
Hazel B. Sutton
Dorothy Hervey
Edith Louise Brund-
age
Thomas C. Morgan
Dewitt Gutman
Cornelia L. Johnson

Louise Hazelton
Gertrude H. Schirmer
Frances Renee Despard
Lillie Klein
Mary Nimmons
Sylvia Holt
Elizabeth Spies
Margaret O. Guerber
Louise Fitz
Catherine D. Brown
Clarence Locan
Edith Patton
Betty Lee
Dorothy Sydney Paul
Caroline Ainchincloss
Bessie Birch Nessler
Margaret C. Richey
Evelyn Thomas
Anne Kress
Alice Moore
Emmeline Bradshaw
Catherine H. Straker
Katherine Vail
Sue Barron Emerson
Bessie Neville

Lesley M. Storey
Graham C. Porter
Fred H. Lahee
J. Latzman
Allen G. Miller
E. W. Palmer
Edwina Phelps
Edith Lally
Walter Cohn
J. Ernest Bechdolt
Geo. D. Ferguson
Agnes B. Wood
Edward C. Day
Irving A. Nees
Virginia Lyman
James H. Patterson
Ruth B. Hand
Edith Connell
Elinor Burleigh
Helen Fern Shook
Louise M. Haynes
Katherine E. Foote
Howard A. Lawrence
Herman Livingston, Jr.
Marjory Anne Harrison
Marian Avery
Natalie D. Wurtz
Ruth Boehmer
R. M. Cameron
Henry G. Young
Helen N. Van Nostrand
Chester W. Wilson
Ruth Osgood
Jessie Ostrander
Sarah Atherton
J. A. Job
Dean Babcock
Edward H. Croll
Margaret O. Hazen
Harvey Osgood
Donald Prather
Mildred R. Cram
Annette Bethelhein
William Ely Hill
Elizabeth Mott Chesbrough
Walter J. Schloss
Phyllis Holt
Charlotte Peabody Dodge
Hattie Russell MacCurdy
Ethel Buchenberger
Pearl Maynard

DRAWINGS.

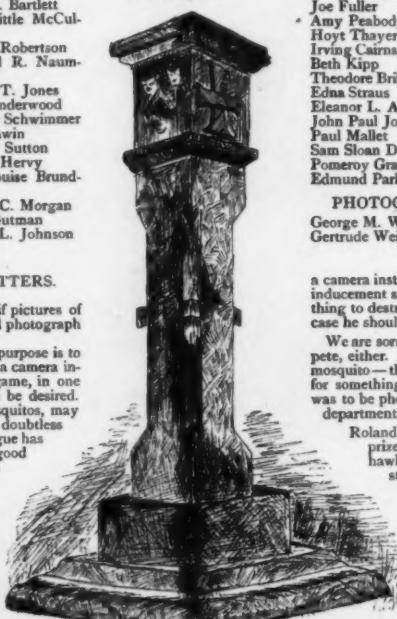
Molly Wood
Sarah Atherton
J. A. Job
Dean Babcock
Edward H. Croll
Margaret O. Hazen
Harvey Osgood
Donald Prather
Mildred R. Cram
Annette Bethelhein
William Ely Hill
Elizabeth Mott Chesbrough
Walter J. Schloss
Phyllis Holt
Charlotte Peabody Dodge
Hattie Russell MacCurdy
Ethel Buchenberger
Pearl Maynard

PHOTOGRAPHS.
George M. Williamson
Gertrude Weinacht

Eleanor Shaw
Louise Paine
Irwin G. Priest
W. S. Stoddard
J. Campbell Townsend
Edna M. Duane
Ralph Siggins
Edward R. Squibb
H. Leroy Turrell
William Wetmore Stanley
Ellen Dunwoody
Carol Bradley
Richard R. Stanwood
Elizabeth Heroy
Paul H. Prausnitz
Edward McKee Very
Anthony M. Bettencourt
Louise M. Haynes
Emily Storer
Philip H. Suter
Murray Gordon
Olivia Richardson
Louise McCormick
Mildred D. Woodbury
Helen Lathrop
Carolyn E. Putnam
Florence Davis
Paul B. Moore
Frank Damrosch, Jr.
Clare Curran

PUZZLES.

Marie Hammond
Helene Boas
Maurice Elliott
Pauline Angel
Lydia E. Bucknell
Fred Stearns
Mary Ruth Hutchinson
Isadore Douglas
Reg. Cain-Bartels
Clyde A. Flint
Margaret Stevens
Lester Sichel
Wood Briggs
William Benkma
Alice Bacon Barnes
Helen C. Hunter
Mack Hayes
William E. Keyson
Miriam Riggs Burch
Hilda Mengel
Paul Rowland
Sarah H. Atherton
E. B. Rives
Bessie Jones
Grace L. Craven
Margaret F. Upton
Philip M. Stimson
James Carey Thomas
Paul Glenn
Charlotte Stark



"YE OLDE MARKET CROSS," BY BESSIE BARNES,
AGE 17. (ENGLAND.)

a camera instead of a gun, if the League will make the inducement sufficient, and suggests that we send something to destroy the flea instead of the usual prize, in case he should win.

We are sorry, but this flea's photograph cannot compete, either. The flea and the fly—the mouse and the mosquito—the rat and the rattle-snake: they were made for something, no doubt, but we do not believe that it was to be photographed — at least, not for the League department.

Roland S. Child, whose "Fish-hawk" wins a prize this month, wants to know if the fish-hawk's nest in a tree will kill the tree. He states that all the nests he has ever seen have been in dead trees.

The nest of the fish-hawk does not, we believe, kill the tree, but the salt water brought constantly to the nest on the fish-hawk's feathers might kill the limb, and perhaps does so, killing even the tree itself in the course of time.

From an old contributor who has just won a prize:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the silver badge Saturday, and am

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 23.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 23 will close August 15 (for foreign members August 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "The Closing Year."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and must relate in some manner to heroism.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Harvest Fields."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for November." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures, suitable for the League Department, or any portion of it, or for story or poem.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to Thanksgiving.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 7.

A report of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS
LEAGUE,
Union Square, N. Y.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY GERTRUDE E. KNOX, AGE 13.

so pleased with it that I can think of nothing nice enough to say. I think it is a real work of art, and the only thing that would be nicer is a gold badge, which I hope to win some day.

Most every girl or boy you meet nowadays either belongs to the League or wants to, and it has added much to an already excellent magazine, for although I mean no discredit to grown-up writers, the fact still remains that I and most other children read ST. NICK backwards, beginning with the League.

The chapter of which I am secretary has done very little work this winter, as we have been unable to meet on Saturdays. This summer we will meet much oftener, and hope to accomplish something.

With many, many thanks for the beautiful badge and the encouragement it brings, I remain your sincere friend,

DOROTHY POSEGATE.

SALEM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of a true bird story. Four years ago this summer, in Vermont, a baby robin fell out of its nest, and the parent birds could not get it back, so the family who lived in a house near the nest took the bird and brought him up. When he was large enough to fly they let him out in the trees around the house and barn, but he would invariably return at night to his home in the attic. When they called him he would answer with a peculiar note, different from other robins.

In the fall he flew away, but the next spring he brought a mate back, and built a nest near the house; but the cats disturbed it, so he went a little farther off, but he often came around the house, calling to the people. He came back the next spring, and now for the third time he has returned, and calls to them from the trees.

Sincerely yours, MIRIAM ROBSON.

A SUGGESTION.

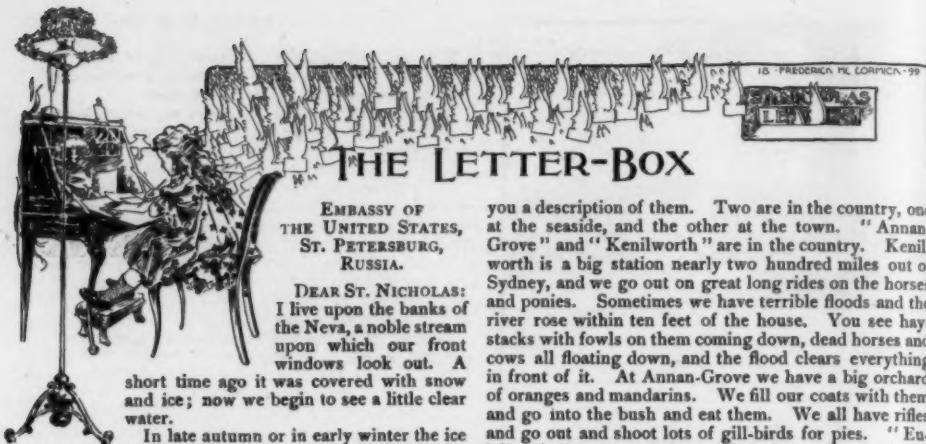
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading the June ST. NICHOLAS I found that Ruth F. Kendall of Brookline, Mass., suggested that we have a competition for the writers of music. I think it would be a very good plan, and I wish she could make room for it. I am trying hard to win a gold badge, but though I have never been successful I will "try, try again." I have only been taking you before. I am very much interested in the drawing and photography, but I would enjoy the League lots more if we had music competitions. Please think about this, and carry it out if possible. I always will remain your faithful reader,

ELEANOR COLEY.

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received from Gracie L. Craven, Edwin Hurlbut, Jean D. Lourdeback, Caroline C. Everett, Catherine Lee Carter, Marguerite Little, Helen E. Jacoby, E. Wilson Lincoln, Henry Goldman, Josephine L. Whitman, Alstair Hope Kyd, Hildegardine and Moore Meigs, Mary Selina Tebault, E. W. Palmer, Donald G. Robbins, Reinhold Palenske, Lila Johnson, Florence Pfeifer, and Yvonne Jequier.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 11.



EMBASSY OF
THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG,
RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live upon the banks of the Neva, a noble stream upon which our front windows look out. A

short time ago it was covered with snow and ice; now we begin to see a little clear water.

In late autumn or in early winter the ice from Lake Ladoga starts coming down the river, the weather gets colder, and you have to get your furs ready, for you will soon need them.

The ice, after having gone down a day or two, has caught, that is, the biggest pieces have floated together in the smallest part of the river, and they are bound together by that unrelenting jailer, Jack Frost; other pieces have floated against these, so that now a beautiful plain of ice stretches before us, over which carts, carriages, even trolley-cars, can go in safety. On one part of the river they have cleared away the snow so as to make a path of clean ice, over which you can be pushed to the other side of the river, for the moderate sum of five copecks, by a mushik on little home-made skates (the mushik is on skates and you are on a chair).

In March the days get longer and warmer, and oftener than usual the sun breaks through the bank of clouds that surround it, for now the spring is coming, and with it come the rains. The ice gets dirty as the snow melts, and soon a band of laborers come to cut a channel through which they can let down the ice, as they make space enough to take up the bridges (in St. Petersburg half the bridges are movable) when the ice breaks up, which will happen soon. A few days after the ice has gone out of the Neva the ice from Lake Ladoga comes; after that the navigation can be opened. To perform this ceremony a boat rowed by twenty oars goes out from the admiralty, and a similar one comes out of the fortress. When they meet, a cannon is fired from each boat as a salute to the other, the guns boom out from the fort, and a crowd of small boats rowed by men in red shirts come across the river with people who want to be among the first to cross.

But on a clear summer evening the Neva is most beautiful. Long rafts and canal-boats are towed lazily up and down the river, little steamers glide along, and the sun, sinking like a ball of fire, illuminates the scene.

And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must close by thanking you for the amusement you have given me ever since I can remember. Your very interested reader,

HERBERT B. PEIRCE.

SYDNEY, N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter and I hope to see it printed. I have not seen many Australian letters. My favorite stories are "The Junior Cup" and "The Dozen from Lakerim." None of the foreign children can go in for the prizes because the answers get to America too late. We have four homes. I will give

you a description of them. Two are in the country, one at the seaside, and the other at the town. "Annan-Grove" and "Kenilworth" are in the country. Kenilworth is a big station nearly two hundred miles out of Sydney, and we go out on great long rides on the horses and ponies. Sometimes we have terrible floods and the river rose within ten feet of the house. You see haystacks with fowls on them coming down, dead horses and cows all floating down, and the flood clears everything in front of it. At Annan-Grove we have a big orchard of oranges and mandarins. We fill our coats with them and go into the bush and eat them. We all have rifles and go out and shoot lots of gill-birds for pies. "Eulalie" is the name of the seaside place. We go in for baths every morning, and we all can swim. Sometimes we go up to the heads in a yacht, and get caught in a southerly, and it nearly blows over. We looked all over the lighthouse up at the Barranjoey Heads, not very far from the wreck of the "Maitland." I looked at the wreck through the glass, and nearly every one was drowned. We went outside the heads a mile in a little steamer called the "Cora," fishing, but we all got seasick, and every one left their lines and stretched out. I had a sleep on the deck. At last we got so bad we steered into calm water.

DOUGLAS M. TERRY.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two months have elapsed since our return from Europe. I went with mama, papa, and my three brothers. We took the southern route, which led us by the Azores Islands through the Mediterranean. We stopped at Gibraltar to see the fortifications. Gibraltar is an English stronghold on Spanish soil.

After two weeks' voyage we landed at Naples. We visited the ruins of Pompeii, the wonderful city that, having been covered with lava and ashes by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79 A.D., was found again at the end of the eighteenth century by some men who were digging a well.

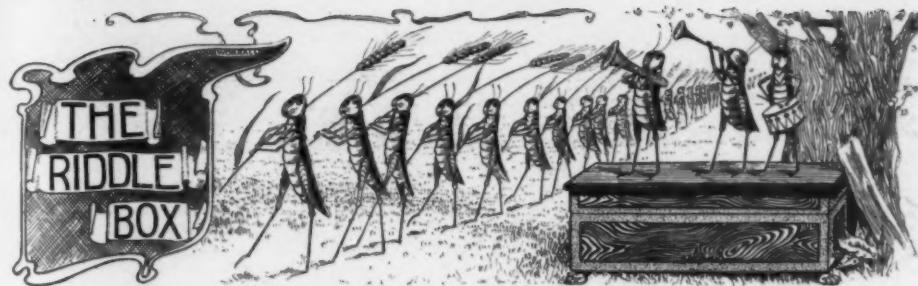
In Rome we saw the Vatican and many of Raphael's and Michelangelo's famous pictures. We saw St. Peter's Church, and St. Paul's Church, which is equally beautiful, though less known.

The Forum Romanum, the old market-place of Rome, is very interesting with its ancient ruins, arches of triumph, and the Colosseum near by, the immense circus begun by the Emperor Vespasian.

The other Italian cities we visited were Venice, Florence, and Milan. My two older brothers were left in a school in the Harz Mountains in Germany; they will be glad to see this letter in ST. NICHOLAS, to which they have remained faithful. I am twelve years old and am your devoted reader,

ELSIE KOHLBERG.

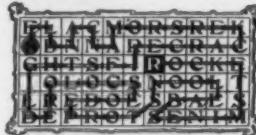
WE thank those whose names follow for their pleasant letters: *Sterling Cass Childs, Margaret Swackhamer, Carlotta Welles, Everett R. Smith, Mary Elizabeth Trelawney, Catherine Cecilia Trelawney, Francis Gordon Trelawney, "Pansy Periwinkle," "Pearl Periwinkle," Elizabeth Beach, Bessie Edwards.*



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

RYHMED ACROSTIC. Primals, Fourth of July; centrals, United States. Cross-words: 1. Flute. 2. Ounce. 3. Unite. 4. Rated. 5. These. 6. Hides. 7. Oasis. 8. Fates. 9. Jeans. 10. Ultra. 11. Leech. 12. Yusuf.

FOURTH OF JULY LABYRINTH.



CHARADE. Inn-dee-pen-dense, Independence.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Year. 2. Ease. 3. Asp. 4. Rest.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Henry W. Longfellow. Cross-words: 1. Ashes. 2. Steal. 3. Range. 4. Party. 5. Layer. 6. Sewer. 7. Melon. 8. Clove. 9. Annoy. 10. Wager. 11. Rife. 12. Scene. 13. Color. 14. Holly. 15. Short. 16. Jewel.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Winifred and Mama—Louise Atkinson—Joe Carlada—Eleanor Lovell—Julie and Esther Knapp—Rewey Belle Ingalls—“Alli and Adi”—Sidney F. Kimball—Rachel Rhoades—Percival W. White, Jr.—Howard Smith—Keys and Co.—Eleanor R. McClees—Mary, Dorry, and Matt.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from E. L. Mackay, 1—“Bird, Cat, and Bat,” 6—M. B. Carpenter, 1—Eleanor Nagle, 7—C. H. Wesley, 2—C. L. Sidenberg, 1—C. O. Pengra, 1—E. Martin, 1—D. Hirshfeld, 1—F. Quig, 1—Charles T. Saunders, 3—Lillian S. Anthony, 5—W. Naseth, 1—A. H. Lord, 1—Chester Jersey, 4—Sidney K. Eastwood, 3—Grace L. Craven, 4—F. M. Bertrand, 1—Evelyn Knight, 5—F. D. Rosebault, 1—Gertrude H. Lemon, 7—Adrie and Dotsie, 3—G. E. Sanford, 1—Wilna Taylor, 10—Louise Mygrant, 7—L. Fulton, 1—J. H. Wade, 3—Alfred P. Clarke, 7—Theodore Wilkinson, 3—D. Hurry, 1—S. Kauffman, 1—Jean Spruance, 1—Elsie L. Eaton, 9—D. Snodgrass, 1—Ethel S. Kingman, 9—Edith Cardner, 3—Jane H. Rider, 2—Edith K. Lincoln, 2—B. Reynolds, 1—Marguerite Sturdy, 9—Gladys Williams, 3—Helen C. Duncan, 2—Pauline C. Duncan, 10—E. H. Edwardes, 1—Winnie and Cyril Black, 2—“Much Ado” Club, 8—Florence and Edna, 5—Mabel, Philip, and Charlotte, 5—Mary S. Pusey, 7—Elizabeth Nitchie, 9—Lowell Walcutt, 8—Pierre Gaillard, 7—J. W. Baxter, 1—Paul Glenn, 2—P. Welch, 1—Florentine Hackbusch, 6—Helen R. Berry, 1—Reg. Cain-Bartels, 5—L. Raymond, 1—C. Bryant, 1.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

By beginning at a certain letter and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of seven summer sports may be spelled.

B	L	T	E	N	R	O
A	L	S	F	N	C	Q
L	I	A	L	I	S	U
I	A	T	O	G	T	E
N	O	I	D	R	I	N
G	B	N	G	I	V	G

HELENE BOAS (League Member).

DOUBLE DOCKINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail more distinct, and leave an organ of the body. Answer, cl-ear-er.)

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a suite, and leave a common metal.

2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail that which gives a claim to credit, belief, or confidence, and leave the name of the first garden.

3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to give up, and leave a part of speech.

4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to renew, and leave part of the name of a maritime province of the Dominion of Canada.

5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail joined, and leave a pronoun.

6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to arrange, and leave therefore.

The initials of the six words which are left will spell the name of a popular summer sport of to-day that was also played years ago by the kings of France.

MARGARET JULIET SHEARER.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter, and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell an old-time sport.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fruit. 2. Difficult. 3. Some famous rapids in a great American river. 4. Near and dear relatives. 5. An adage. 6. A reservoir. 7. Gaily.

ISADORE DOUGLAS (League Member).

FOUR ANAGRAMS.

BEHOLD a word of letters seven,
Well describing one in heaven;
Next, it 's changed or else defaced;
Next, it hinders one in haste;
Next, it 's simply substitution.
Now — we wait your kind solution.

M. M. D.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the above objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous American. Drawn by FRED STEARNS (League Member).

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each line.)

THEY say that Mars has a country inn
With a flag at every corner,
And if you wish for a cereal dish,
Or would like to taste educational fish,
A shepherd shouts, "Jack Horner!"

ANNA M. PRATT.

AN ARBOREAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the names of the following trees have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a summer sport for boys.

1. A slender tree whose bark is white. 2. A tree whose fruit is a favorite with children. 3. A shrub whose leaves are the first to turn scarlet and yellow in early autumn. 4. A tree which suggested the name for the home of James Russell Lowell. 5. A large tree

which bears large, oily nuts. 6. A tree which furnishes tough, elastic wood. 7. A tree whose name suggests a fine avenue in a famous German city. 8. A tree that bears very beautiful white fragrant blossoms.

VERA MATSON.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Sorrowful. 2. A girl's name. 3. A boy's nickname.
REBECCA PAINTER (age 7).
(League Member.)

NOVEL CURTAILINGS.

EACH of the words described ends with the letters *th*. When the following words are correctly guessed, curtail each by taking away the letters *th*. From each of the words remaining select one letter, and make a word often heard in summer.

1. Curtail juvenility, and leave a prounoun. 2. Curtail a point of the compass, and leave an old French copper coin. 3. Curtail a prong, and leave also. 4. Curtail the soft, spongy substance in the center of stems, and leave a confused mass of type. 5. Curtail a period of time, and leave a word used by the Scotch. 6. Curtail an old word meaning a hoop or band, and leave a fish with a long and slender body and pointed head.

LYDIA E. BUCKNELL (League Member).

CHARADE.

MY *first* is a sign of pleasure or approval;
My *last* helped G. W. to the cherry-tree's removal;
My *whole* is seen at dinners and teas
With roses, violets, or sweet peas.

SARAH H. ATHERTON (League Member).

A DUMB-BELL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	3
*	*
*	*
5	6
*	*
2	4

FROM 1 to 2, from 3 to 4, and from 5 to 6, each name a summer sport.

Left-hand triangle (reading downward, five letters), a mistake; (three letters), a small explosion. Right-hand triangle (reading downward, three letters), a young animal; (five letters), to swindle.

DAGMAR FLORENCE CURJEL.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of sixty-two letters and form a quotation from Shakspere's "King Henry IV."

My 42-58-2-38-8-61 is a golf club. My 2-21-56-24-27-22-23 is a summer sport. My 17-33-1-22-57-45-15 is a hunting-dog. My 40-46-12 is used in rowing. My 22-49-13-35-52-37-6 is a beautiful seaside summer resort. My 44-55-47-16-44-11-18-5 is a game much enjoyed by boys. My 23-60-42 is a fashionable sport. My 35-41-57 is a term used in this sport. My 44-37-3-54-34-30 is an implement used in this sport. My 32-19-26-18-9-7-36 is a pleasure vehicle. My 15-53-43-28-14-61 is that which guides a boat. My 62-51-48-10 is a toy used by children in this country and by grown people in certain foreign countries. My 17-25-39-59-40-13 is an Indian gathering. My 50-29-51-31-20 is a common summer flower.

MARY L. BRIGHAM.

es
a
at

k-

rs
d,
ch
a

oil
er
ne
ve
e,
ld
a

l;

ne
, a
nd
ni-

ta-

27-
a
22-
rt.
by
57
an
is
ch
ren
gn
er-
t.



A FLORENTINE PRINCESS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.